

Theatre Magazine

35 cents

NOVEMBER 1924



K. DUNN

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



U.S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires

Built of Latex-treated Web-Cord

More than ever before the car owner should discriminate in his tire buying.

For maximum service specify U. S. Royal Cord Balloons.

They put the theory of balloon tire superiority into practice.

They are made of Web-Cord. This gives the carcass exceptional flexibility and strength, hence a greater resistance to puncture and wear than can be obtained with any other type of cord construction.

Web-Cord is made by the patented Latex process developed and owned by the United States Rubber Company.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires have a new

scientifically designed tread. This is of great importance, as many of the old tread designs not only make steering difficult but injure the carcass when used on balloon tires.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires are *accurately balanced*. The weight is properly distributed so that any tendency of the car to gallop or wobble at high speeds is eliminated.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires are built for the new 20, 21 and 22 inch rims.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon-Type Tires for the larger wheels and rims.



Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company



"Schubert Playing for His Friends"
Painted by Carl Röhling © P. G.

GUESTS!

THE VERY WORD SUGGESTS FOOD AND MUSIC

YET IN HOW MANY HOMES IS THE MUSIC EQUAL TO THE DINNER?

SCHUBERT'S friends heard him in their homes, and now — you and your friends can hear Schubert's music beautifully played by great artists in your home.

The Ampico will delight your guests with the works of the great musical composers, played by the greatest artists of the piano, on an instrument that has a long-built and carefully guarded reputation as a piano of quality.

Now—in one instrument the Ampico brings to you piano, artist, and repertoire.

The piano that encases the Ampico is to all appearances a beautiful piano and no more. Yet the piano which is also an Ampico is in no way affected by the Ampico when you desire to play it by hand, as no part of the playing mechanism remains in contact with the keyboard, the pedals or the strings.

But open a concealed drawer, insert a recording and touch a button. As if by unseen hands your piano plays your favorite music not just note for note and time for time, but shading for

shading and tone for tone as it was interpreted by the artist who made the recording in our laboratory.

Hear the Ampico

Hear it at the home of a friend, at a club, or just as freely at the store where any of these famous pianos are sold: the Chickering, the Knabe, the Haines Bros., the Fischer, the Franklin, the Marshall & Wendell, and in Canada the Willis also.

Note that the Chickering and the Knabe are two of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage.

All these pianos have been chosen for the Ampico because of their ability to do justice to its music. Foot-power models, \$795. Electric power models, \$985 to \$5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands. Your present piano will entitle you to an allowance on the purchase of an Ampico and there are convenient monthly payments. A book telling about the Ampico, its artists and its large library of recordings will be sent on request.

A few of the hundreds of famous artists the Ampico brings to you

TERESA CARREÑO
ETHEL LEGINSKA
MISCHA LEVITZKI
JOSEF LHEVINNE
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
MORIZ ROSENTHAL
FANNY BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER
and playing popular music
FERDIE GROFÉ
J. MILTON DELCAMP
HENRY LANGE
VINCENT LOPEZ

The AMPICO

THE AMPICO CORPORATION • 437 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



A Distinctive Service to EUROPE

SUPERLATIVE travel comforts, a faultless service, a famed cuisine and charming appointments distinguish the first class ships of the United States Lines. The many exclusive features of the great Leviathan will appeal to the most critical voyager. There is the popular George Washington with its Presidential suites and the famous President Harding and President Roosevelt with all outside rooms, many with private baths. Any of these U. S. Government vessels assure a delightful trip.

Plan to visit Paris during the Opera season. Go to fashionable Biarritz or the numerous resorts on the Riviera. There are regular and frequent sailings to Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen. Make your bookings now while reduced winter rates are in effect. Send the coupon below today for new de luxe booklets giving full information.

Send the Coupon Today

INFORMATION BLANK
To United States Shipping Board

Information Section 1088 Washington, D. C.

Please send without obligation the new de luxe booklets on the United States Lines service to Europe.
If I go date will be about _____

There will be _____ in my party

Name _____

Address _____

United States Lines

45 Broadway New York City
Canadian Office, 79 Queen Street W., Toronto

Agencies in all principal cities

Managing Operators for

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD



Luxury Cruise to the Mediterranean

PALESTINE — EGYPT

A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—
Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam."
Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands.

By the famous "ROTTERDAM" (4th Cruise) leaving New York, February 4, 1925. Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE's own management

The "ROTTERDAM"

24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

Sixty-Six Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera.

Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe.

Cruise limited to 550 guests

American Express Co. Agents in charge of Shore Excursions
Illustrated Folder "P" on request

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, New York

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago Minneapolis
St. Louis Detroit Atlanta, Ga. Seattle New Orleans
San Francisco Mexico City Montreal
Or any authorized Steamship Agent

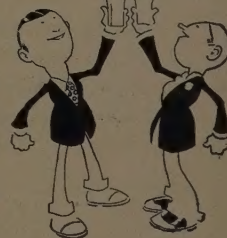


The drink to order every time

Thirsty? Think of Clicquot Club. Order it. Drink it. You'll give up your hobby of ordering something different every time you hanker for a cold drink. Clicquot will become your one and only.

Thirsty? Take a long, cold drink of Clicquot Club. Thirsty now? We thought not! Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

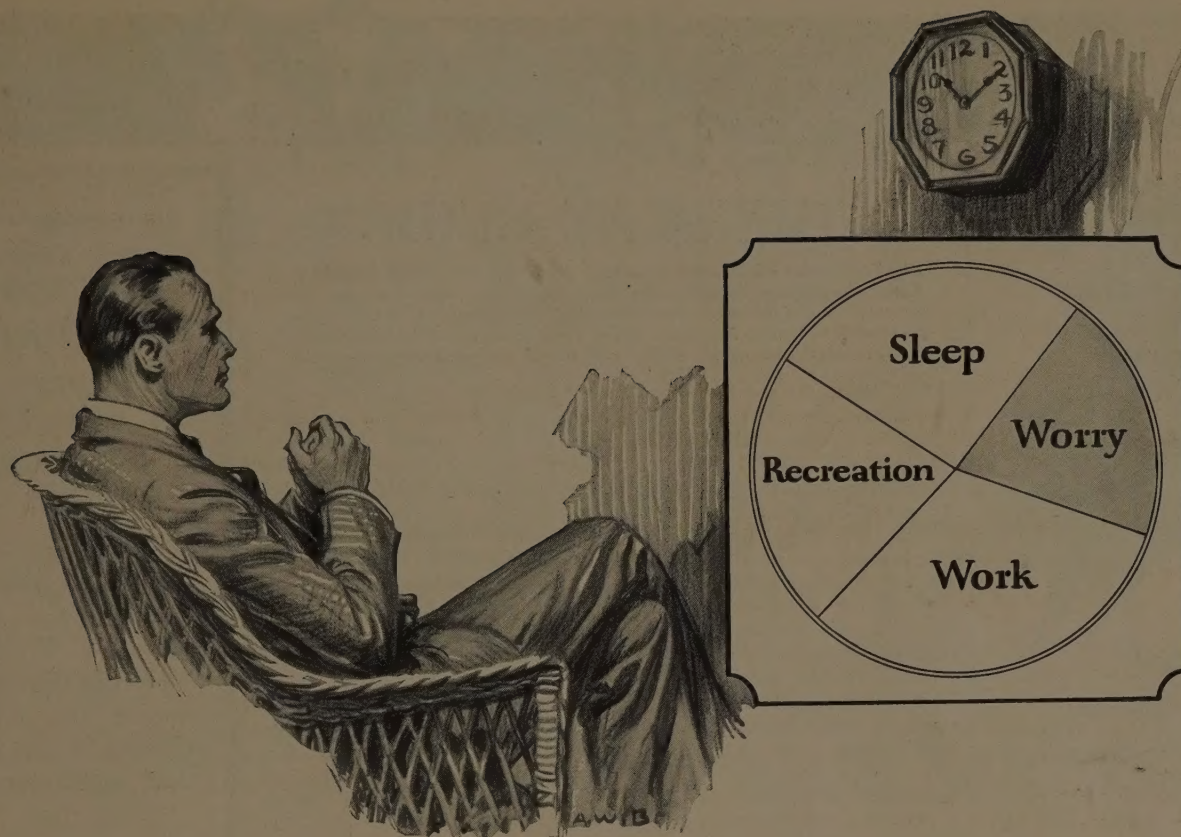
The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



Clicquot Club

PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO

Ginger Ale



How much of *your* day is worry?

EVERY DAY has twenty-four hours. The richest man has no more time, the poorest has no less. And all men must divide their days into three main divisions—Work, Recreation, Sleep.

But there is a *fourth* division. In proportion as you get rid of it, you add to your income, your standing and your peace of mind. In proportion as you give way to it, you find it spreading like a cancer over the three main divisions of your time.

Its name is Worry.

Effective work cannot be done by men whose minds are wandering in futile concern about their bills, their business positions, their futures. No man can benefit from his round of golf or his evening at home with a book if he is really far away—fearing a pressing creditor, or tomorrow's work.

And if worry follows you to bed

at night—then, indeed, you have little chance for happiness or even physical health.

There is a way out. There is an outside influence ready to help you reduce the hours or minutes that worry steals away from you. There is an outside influence that has made the lives of 200,000 other men happier as well as more prosperous.

Its name is the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

You have read about it as a training for ambitious men. Think of it now in another way—think of it as an agency that will banish the needless worry out of your days.

If it is more income you need—the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped *every* conscientious subscriber to earn more money. Many have doubled and tripled their salaries in one year. If you need a better, more dignified,

more permanent position—trust the business judgment of the 27,000 Presidents who have enrolled.

Here is a curious fact to which 200,000 Institute men can testify. The very moment you tear off the coupon at the foot of this page, you will feel the satisfaction that comes from having taken a step forward—a step that may be a decisive one in your life.

Tear it off now, and hold it in your hand for a moment. Say to yourself:

"If I mail this coupon, *something* is going to happen; an outside influence is going to work in my behalf. I am going to find out whether it can do for me what it has done for so many others. *I am going to mail this coupon today*—and receive the Definite Plan of Business Progress which it promises.

Do that one thing *now*.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

977 Astor Place

New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

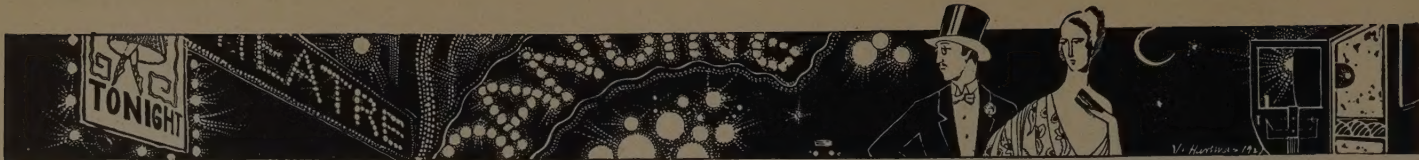


Name..... Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Building, Toronto
Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney



My Personal Assurance

TO make your home in the McAlpin when in New York, instead of making the McAlpin your hotel, is my personal aim—and the desire of every member of the McAlpin staff.

To those who appreciate the comfort of a home with the convenience of a hotel, the names Arthur L. Lee and Hotel McAlpin are synonymous.

To make your stay a pleasant one, exceptionally entertaining without being excessively expensive—establishing with you the interest of a host with his guest rather than a manager with his patron—that is our creed in promise and our deed in practice.

ARTHUR L. LEE
Managing Director

HOTEL
McALPIN
BROADWAY at 34th STREET

CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st Street

World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre
EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director

DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

CAPITOL BALLET CORPS
Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
Presentations by ROTHAFEL

Paramount Pictures

The RIVOLI Broadway at 49th St.
Rivoli Concert Orchestra

The RIALTO Broadway at 42nd St.
Famous Rialto Orchestra
The Best in Photoplays
And the Best in Music
HUGO RIESENFELD, Managing Director

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement centre, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

THE little men-about-town, their pink-frocked sisters and their lady loves, to whom the Theatre Guild is somewhat of a bore and the girl-revues somewhat of a waste, will find the very soul of inspiration and diversion in the Hippodrome Toytown. This is a complete town in miniature and yet more than a town, almost a plum-pudding dream—for there in bizarre juxtaposition are a farm, a post-office where cards may be written and sent to those unfortunates who have never visited Toytown, the jungle, the memorable woods in which dwelt Riding Hood grandmere, a pony stable to shame Rancocas, a fire department and a Japanese tea-house in full blast. And everything built in Lilliput proportions.

Midgets, dressed in the grave and literal regalias of their official town callings, act as hosts and hostesses, dispensing free tea and chaperonage to their visitors. One is a mighty but

not unapproachable traffic cop—one a wee farmer raking in a prodigious crop of early peanuts—a barber—a suave gentleman demonstrating imported motor-cars (midget wheelbase) and clowns! Perfect screams! To say nothing of barrels of monkeys and a dwarf elephant!

Such glee, delight, excitement! And there is a perfect infirmary in charge of a nurse and physician to combat prostration from exuberance. A visit to Toytown is an excursion on memories of which children will live for months. And, whisper it with a blush, the adults experience some of their delight. For, like Carroll's Alice, Toytown is a joy to children, but appreciated by their parents.

This dream temple of childhood is built underneath the Hippodrome auditorium and there is a magic stairway, labeled "Toytown," that will take you down to Lilliput any afternoon or evening during intermission.

Forthcoming Attractions

Impending Broadway Openings, As We Go To Press

Their First Baby. A comedy, with Maude Eburne, John E. Young and others.

Judy Drops In. A comedy, with Marian Mears, Earl House and others.

Silence. A play by Max Marcin, with H. B. Warner.

Annabelle. A comedy with music, with Billie Burke, Ernest Truex, Marion Green, Shirley Vernon, Spencer Chartres, Bobby Watson and others.

Bewitched. A comedy, with Glen Anders, Jose Ruben, Florence Eldridge.

Simon Called Peter. A dramatization of Robert Keable's book, with Noel Tearle, Frieda Inescourt, June Webster, Herbert Bunston, Evelyn Wright and others.

Watch Out. A revue, with Will Morrissey, Jed Dooley, Guiran and Marguirite, Jack Waldron and others.

Sunshine. A play, with Francine Larrimore.

The Lion's Share. A play by William Anthony Maguire.

Pastimes of an Empress. A play, with Bertha Kalisch.

Barrie's Peter Pan. With Marilynn Miller, Donald Searle and others.

A Man's Job. A play, with Boots Wooster, Edward H. Robins, Roy Gordon, Raymond Hackett, Leona Hogarth, Thomas Jackson and others.

Apple Sauce. A comedy, with Allan Dinehart, Claiborne Foster and others.

Kelly's Vacation. A comedy by Vincent Lawrence.

Tiger Cats. A play from the French, with Katherine Cornell, Robert Loraine and others.

Dixie to Broadway. A Negro musical show, with Florence Mills, Shelton Brooks, Will Vodery's Band and others.

The Way of the World. Congreve's comedy, with Lennox Pawle, Tom Nesbitt, Evelyn Vaughan, William S. Rainey and others.

Honey. A Negro musical comedy.

SHUBERT Theatre. NIGHTS at 8:30
Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30
Sixth Yearly Production
Greenwich Village Follies
DOLLY SISTERS—VINCENT LOPEZ
Staged by
JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

Playhouse W. 48th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30 Eves. 8.30
Stewart and French present
THE SHOW-OFF By George Kelly
"If the new season brings forth a native comedy as good as this, there should be dancing in the streets"—Robert C. Benchley, *Life*.

A National Institution

B. F. Keith's
NEW YORK
HIPPODROME

THE GREATEST
PLAYHOUSE
IN THE WORLD

Novelties from everywhere. Under the direction of E. F. Albee and the B. F. Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, presenting the Earth's Greatest Show at prices that spell success.

DAILY MATINEES

including Sundays

1000 Seats at 50c

EVENINGS

including Sundays

1000 Seats at \$1.00

Pearson Hotel
CHICAGO

The Pearson's location, a few minutes from the main business section, and the quality of its accommodations make this new hotel an especially pleasant stopping place for the winter season in Chicago. Opera, symphony concerts, theatres, shopping and everything that makes Chicago a winter Mecca are all within easy reach.

Send Today for Illustrated Folder

The Pearson is just a block east of North Michigan Boulevard in Pearson Street. Rates for one person are from \$3.50 to \$5.00 a day; for two \$5.00 to \$7.00, and two room suites \$10.00 to \$14.00. Every room and suite with private bath.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE
34th St. West of 8th Ave.

ANNA PAVLOVA
Ballet Russe and Symphony Orchestra
OCTOBER 17 to NOVEMBER 8
\$1.00 to \$3.00 Plus Tax

"Play Insurance"

2 YEARS OF THEATRE MAGAZINE FOR \$6.50

a special offer

good only for the Holiday Season

Regular price \$8.00

THEATRE MAGAZINE will save you money—it will avoid your suffering the boredom of poor plays. It means "Play Insurance"! A subscriber to *Theatre Magazine* never by any chance makes the mistake of choosing a tiresome, tedious or unentertaining play because he (or she) is *au courant* with what is new and best in the theatres.

Why don't *you* take out this "Play Insurance"? The price of a pair of seats for a single ill-chosen play will give you a "policy" for two solid years, in the form of a subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE—Two years of intimate and precise knowledge of the last word in the theatre and its allied arts—knowledge that you cannot afford to be without nowadays, if you would be well informed. And if you live out of town, and are denied the pleasures of theatre-going—you need THEATRE MAGAZINE just that much more, because it will bring Broadway to you.

What does THEATRE MAGAZINE promise for the coming year? It promises—

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

And reviews in authoritative, unbiased, and entertaining fashion, some three hundred or more plays each year.

MUSIC

Critical comment and news of the Opera and the Concert fields. Illustrated.

VAUDEVILLE

Snappy reviews of the Two-a-Day, with pictures of the most talked about performers.

SCREENLAND

The best the silver screen offers—reviewed, discussed and pictured with the personalities of the photo play world.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

A series of articles on High School play production—news of the Little Theatres and other interesting items.

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Jottings of the doings and sayings of managers, playwrights—actors and actresses and familiar figures along the Rialto.

THE NEW PLAYS

Condensations of the talked-of plays of the moment—one in each issue. Copious excerpts and the complete story of each play.

ILLUSTRATIONS

A collection of exquisite half tone reproductions, including stage personalities, scenes from plays, dance studies, etc. Over twelve hundred each year.

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

The fastidious woman who follows the lead of the best dressed woman in the world—the actress—will find inspiration in these pages.

And many other interesting features.

Tear off the coupon to-day—while it's fresh in your mind

THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York

Enclosed find \$6.50 for two years' subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the current issue.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

[Add 50c additional for Canadian and foreign postage]

Parfums Caron
10 rue de la Paix Paris

*uniting the subtle
art of french
perfection with the
naïve artlessness
of flowers!*

NUIT de NOEL
Narcisse Noir
l'infini



Christmas Eve.

Black Narcissus

Infinite

CARON CORP.
389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



© Kessler

CONTENTS for NOVEMBER, 1924

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Gemier's Superb Art to Delight Broadway.....	B. F. Wilson	9
The Men Who Write the Hits—No. 4, Martin Brown.....	Carol Bird	10
Is Nudity Salacious?.....	Ted Shawn	12
The Most Hated Man in the Theatre.....	Archie Bell	20
The Passing of the Angels.....	Burr Cook	22
Mimes of the Microphone.....	Lawton Mackall	24

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Editor's Uneasy Chair.....		7
Dancing Mothers (Condensation).....		28
Heard on Broadway.....		39

ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....	F. K. Dunn	
Ariel.....	Maurice Goldberg	6
Broadway's Newest Night Resort.....	Wynn	8
Studies of Ted Shawn.....	Lejaren A. Hiller	13

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play.....		15
<i>What Price Glory, The Tantrum, The Passing Show of 1924, Rose Marie, Havoc, Nerves, The Green Beetle, The Haunted House, Be Yourself, High Stakes, Pigs, Hazard Short's Ritz Revue, Izzy, Conscience, Top Hole, The Schemers, Greenwich Village Follies, The Mask and the Face.</i>		

Cinema.....	Aileen St. John-Brenon	30
Music.....	Grenville Vernon	34
Vaudeville.....	Bland Johanesson	36

THE NEW PLAYS

What Price Glory.....		14
Havoc.....		18
The Passing Show.....		26

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Roshanara.....	Maurice Goldberg	5
Morgan Farley and Ann Harding.....		11
Pavlowa and Novikoff.....	Leonetti	17
Fay Bainter.....	Maurice Goldberg	21
Mary Ellis.....	Maurice Goldberg	25
Betty Bronson.....	Kenneth Alexander	31
John Irwin.....	Maurice Goldberg	38

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Hits of the Month.....		23
Stars Who Shine on the Screen.....		33
The Doors of the Music World Swing Open.....		35
The Drama in the Halls.....		37

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage.....	M. E. Kehoe	40
------------------------	-------------	----



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

There are more spectacular revues on Broadway this season than ever before, all playing to jammed houses. You know what you think of these gorgeous shows, but you don't know what the individual revue-maker thinks of his competitor's efforts. Read Gilbert Seldes' amusing page on this subject in the December THEATRE. ♪ After nearly half a century Congreve is again to make his bow on Broadway. An illuminating article on England's famous and witty dramatist, and excerpts from his brilliant *Way of the World*, copiously illustrated, in our next number. ♪ Do actors ever worry? I'll say they do. Read all about the strange mental kinks of Broadway stars in the December THEATRE. ♪ The new war play, *What Price Glory*, is the biggest hit of the new season. It will probably make a fortune for its authors. How did it come to be written? Who are the men that wrote it? An interesting article in our next number tells you all about it. ♪ These are only a few of the principal features in a splendid December issue. Illustrated with the usual brilliant array of beautiful pictures of the current shows and Broadway's favorites. Don't miss the December issue.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

The publishers cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. If postage is enclosed, an effort will be made to return unavailable material promptly, but in no case are the publishers liable for damage or loss.

LOUIS MEYER } Publishers
PAUL MEYER }

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.



Assembled in readiness

PEARL NECKLACES

*the greatest value is assured
the private purchaser*

DREICER & C^o

Pearls, Jewels, Precious Stones

560 FIFTH AVENUE

New York



THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



The Editor's Uneasy Chair

A Dearth of Native Actors

A RATHER remarkable phase of the present-day stage is the fact that, while our theatre has developed a surprisingly large number of young actresses of unusual ability, the number of young actors of superior caliber is comparatively negligible. During the past few seasons at least a score of gifted young women, of whom no one had ever heard before, made their first appearance on Broadway, astonishing veteran theatregoers by the skill, power, poise and finished technique of their performances. For example, to mention only a few names: Katharine Cornell, Helen Gahagan, Winifred Lenihan, Lillian Foster, Phyllis Povah, Ann Davis, Florence Johns, Mary Blair, Catherine Willard, Florence Rittenhouse, Judith Anderson, Ann Harding.

How many young actors have we in the same class? Have we even one? To-day, when a producer is casting a play in which one of the characters happens to be a young man of good family, his greatest difficulty is finding an actor with high breeding enough, *savoir faire* enough, distinction enough to play the rôle. One manager recently, having to fill a part of this description, was compelled to take an Englishman to impersonate an American because there was no native-born actor of the type available.

The reason for this dearth of the male actor is not hard to find. Young American women of brains and culture have to seek some outlet for their energies and talent. They cannot all be novelists, sculptors, lawyers. Many of them successfully seek the stage as the field best suited to their temperament. The American man of the same social position is not attracted to the stage. It has no lure for men of this class. They go into big business or the liberal professions, in which, in later years, they become the leading lights.

In Europe it is different. There the professions are overcrowded. The younger sons of the nobility and gentry have to do something, so they go on the stage, where their ability to wear a dinner coat, their easy drawing-room manner and their good diction immediately secure them an opportunity. Our lack of actors is really an economic difficulty, the difference between an old, effete civilization and a rugged young country still in the making.

How Many "Greatest" American Dramas?

ENTHUSIASM is a noble, generous, God-given impulse, but one can get too much even of a good thing. Consider, for instance, the superlatives thrown around so recklessly by some of our younger dramatic reviewers. Only a few years out of college, seeing life practically for the first time, many of these bright young men, when it comes to criticism, show little balance and less background. The theatre opening a new world to their fresh, juvenile imaginations, they go into feverish raptures over everything that happens to tickle their fancy, just like the small boy who, having viewed the circus for the first time, returned home, exclaiming wide-eyed: "Gee—I'll say that's some show!"

No one can quarrel with enthusiasm. It's a divine gift—the one thing perhaps in this dull, drab world that makes life endurable. The only trouble is that when given indiscriminate rein in the critical column, it is apt to befog the reviewer's own judgment and so lead his readers astray. If these temperamental scribes happen not to like a certain play or performer, they do not wisely follow a moderate, decorous, middle course. Show and actor are lambasted unmercifully, the virulence of the "roast" depending largely on the importance of the management. If, on the contrary, the play pleases, they run incontinently to the other extreme, so lauding the new production to the skies, out of all proportion to its actual merit, that the public, effectively gassed by the terrific barrage of lurid adjectives, is swept off its feet and rushes to the box-office to secure seats weeks ahead—only too often to be grievously disappointed.

A recent instance of an overheated theatre complex running away with what should be a calm, judicious, critical opinion is the wild outburst of laudatory fireworks that recently greeted a new war play on Broadway. The play, it may be said at once, deserved to score a hit. It is vital, gripping, full of war's grim atmosphere. Its comedy is excellent, the acting superb. But to proclaim it a great play, the "greatest dramatic work of its era," as some reviewers have done, is nothing short of ridiculous. One critical enthusiast, in his excitement, said he'd like to stand on a soap-box at the theatre door and urge every passerby not to miss so wonderful a play. Naturally, such circus jargon must have its effect on the outside public, who can only know what they read. The result is the theatre is packed to the doors and seats practically unprocurable for æons to come. But what of those who manage to see the play? Will their judgment uphold the opinion of the reviewers that this is a great play, the "greatest in its generation," this play with its foul language and lack of soul, that is without noble, inspiring *motif* for or against war—in fact, that has no theme at all, that ignores war's heroisms and shows only one side, the stark horror of the trenches and the bestiality of impassioned men?

A New Opera House

RUMOR has it that the directors of the Metropolitan are about to announce the construction of a new opera-house to take the place of the present building. We hope rumor speaks the truth, for the present building is little short of a disgrace. It is an open secret that the directors would long ago have replaced the existing ugly yellow brick pile with a theatre worthy of the world's leading operatic institution had it not been for a certain element among the box-owners. This element has feared that the building of a new house would enlarge the number of boxes and thereby admit to the sacred diamond horseshoe people who might prove socially undesirable. The present building is an unworthy setting alike for the art of opera and the tiaras. The Metropolitan Opera House ought architecturally as well as artistically and socially to be one of the ornaments of the metropolis. It ought at least to be as beautiful as our railroad stations!



EL FAY: THE "LEFT BANK" ON BROADWAY

The theatre's brightest boys and girls matriculate at Texas Guinan's Parisian school of organized gaiety. Here is a representative gathering of the merry children enjoying folk-song and animal crackers. See F. P. A., Julia Hoyt, Johnny Dooley, Gallagher and Shean, Barney Gallant, Rose Rolando, Avery Hopwood, Hugo Riesenfeld, Dagmar Gadowsky, Ann Pennington, Eddie Cantor, Earl Carroll, Peggy Joyce, Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Harold Lloyd, Jack Barrymore, John Murray Anderson, and our artist Wynn, himself, as usual, under the table. Dear teacher gets a thousand apples a week, and the youngsters get a kiss and a full course in higher mathematics

Gémier's Superb Art to Delight Broadway

Famous French Actor Coming Here Semi-Officially Under Auspices of U. S. Government

By B. F. WILSON,

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent in Paris

Paris, September 15, 1924.

GÉMIER, the great French actor, is going to New York, still another of the Old World's famous dramatic artists to make a bid for American dollars and American fame, and what adds enormously to the interest of his coming visit is the fact that, semi-officially at least, he goes under the auspices of the United States Government, something entirely without precedent in the relations of official Washington toward the stage.

When James K. Hackett played his Shakespearian repertoire in Paris as "guest" of the French Government, he gave his performances at the Odéon. Gémier being *Directeur* of that state-subsidized house, it fell to Mr. Hackett to come under his jurisdiction. As a result the two became friends. Recently, Mr. Hackett approached the United States Government with the request that a similar honor be paid Gémier. Unlike France, however, we have no Minister of Fine Arts. Congress is too busy to take interest in the theatre. So, despite the fact that Secretary Hughes received the suggestion with enthusiasm, he couldn't quite place the department which could officially invite M. Gémier to come over here and play. He finally got around the situation by appointing a National Committee, numbering amongst its members the following prominent Americans: John Aspegren, Vincent Astor, George F. Baker, Jr., James M. Beck, David Belasco, August Belmont, Walter V. R. Berry, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Lewis L. Clarke, Frederic R. Coudert, Paul D. Cravath, John W. Davis, Robert de Forest, Victor J. DOWLING, John Emerson, president of the Actors' Equity Association; Charles Dana Gibson, William D. Guthrie, Robert Underwood Johnson, Thomas W. Lamont, Clarence H. Mackay, Frederick William MacMonies, Frank L. Polk, E. T. Stotesbury, Augustus Thomas, D. Everett Wald, Harry Payne Whitney, George W. Wickersham, Owen D. Young, Otto H. Kahn, honorary president, and James K. Hackett, honorary executive secretary.

AS a result, Gémier will arrive in New York in October as the first foreign player to appear in America under the sanction of the government. He will give a repertoire consisting of his most famous creations. During the six weeks' engagement he will produce, among other plays, *L'Homme et ses Fantômes*; by H. R. Lenormand, author of *Failures*; *La Rabouilleuse*, by Emile Fabre; *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Crainquebille*, by Anatole France, and *The Barber of Seville*.

I called on M. Gémier during a recent matinée at the Odéon. I was already familiar with the superb artistry of the

actor, but I had not yet met the man. I wanted to know what he thought of his forthcoming transatlantic trip.

The curtain descended slowly. A lump in my throat interfered with my breathing. Beside me, a young American girl who had not understood one word of the dialogue, furtively endeavored to remove the traces



FIRMIN GÉMIER.

famous French actor, who will shortly make his first appearance in America, creating a precedent by being the first foreign player to come here under the semi-official auspices of the United States Government

of tears from her face. The audience, being French, more frankly revealed their emotional reaction to the scene, and in the adjoining box a rotund *pater familias* blew a loud blast of sorrow into a damp mouchoir.

We had just witnessed as fine a piece of histrionic art as one could ever hope to see. On the stage, a man had died. A rake he was. A villain of the worst type. A seducer of innocence; a selfish, prowling beast, leaving destruction and tragedy in his trail. And yet—as he closed his eyes in mimic death, not an individual in the audience withheld forgiveness; not a soul failed to offer a voluntary homage of grief and sorrow.

The man was Firmin Gémier. The play was *L'Homme et ses Fantômes*. The author, M. Lenormand, took me behind the scenes. As I followed the playwright through the intricate back-stage maze of the Odéon, the impression made by the actor still held me spellbound. The wistful appeal of the dying man's plea for knowledge rang in my ears. Like a tired

child, he had gone to sleep; in death as in life, always seeking, and although in his search he had sown ruin wherever he sought, still from the ghost of his mother, who alone returns to his deathbed to comfort him, he demands the truth. "*Ma mère, je voudrais savoir—je voudrais savoir*," he calls into the infinite—and in the eloquence of his speech all that he had done was forgotten.

GÉMIER was, in appearance, something of a surprise. Instead of the handsome Don Juan of the first act or the feeble, dissipation-worn figure of the last, I found myself shaking hands with a sedate man somewhere in his forties, who looked at me with keen, intelligent gaze.

He spoke, of course, in French, and despite the fact that I had come to get an interview, he began to interview me, asking me questions about America and New York, what did I think we would think of him, would I advise him as to whether or not the play was too frank or too curious, if he decided to take it to New York.

However, I could study the man even though I could not make him discuss the Paris stage, and I finally concluded it was Gémier's magnetic personality which was the predominant factor in Gémier's success. He is above all intelligent. Intellectual as few of our American actors are—or ever will be—and a keen student of dramaturgy.

He was born at Aubervilliers of parents who were as far removed from the theatre as possible. His father being a chemist, it was naturally supposed the son would adopt the same profession, but from his earliest memory Gémier had always wanted to go on the stage. To be an actor was the dream of his adolescence.

However, parental authority being rather forceful in France, the boy was obliged to work in a chemist shop during the day, but somehow chance threw in his way St. Germain, the famous comedian, and it was from the large store of the latter's experience that the young apprentice drew his first knowledge of the stage.

ST. GERMAIN taught him all he knew. Nevertheless, Gémier tried three different times to enter the Conservatoire, and each time he failed.

In 1888 he made his first appearance as an actor at the Théâtre de Belleville. In 1892 he appeared at the Théâtre Libre and in 1896 he mounted the stage of the Odéon, of which he little dreamed then that some sixteen years later he would be appointed *Directeur*.

He was made director of the famous Théâtre Antoine in 1906, and among his
(Continued on page 58)

The Men Who Write the Hits

No. 4: Martin Brown, Once a Dancer, Now One of Broadway's Most Successful Dramatists

By CAROL BIRD

HERE is a man who writes a hit and runs away. Three days before the curtain rises on his play he sails for Europe. Buys a villa in Monte Carlo, plays around in the surf, plants rose-bushes, and six months later casually drops into New York to see his drama.

This is Martin Brown, author of *Cobra*, the season's dramatic sensation. He is not indifferent to his success, but he is the kind of person who does not permit commercialism to direct his way in life. He is the captain of his ship, and he sails it to suit himself. The sailing dates, the ports of call, the duration of the trip, are all designed to meet his own convenience and pleasure.

From all of which you need not gather that he practises systematic and scientific selfishness. He is an altogether delightful person. He is a most ingenuous man, free from artificiality and dissimulation. And he lives life with *élan*. *Élan* is a slick word, pilfered from this playwright's own vocabulary to help describe him. He does everything with impetuosity and dash. Everything from writing a play to purchasing a small palace in Monte Carlo. Most of the time he skims the sea of life lightly. Occasionally he flounders and the water looks black. This happened when he returned to the United States a short time ago and got enmeshed in the red tape of immigration. Being forcibly detained at Ellis Island because of a mix-up in the *visé* of his passport entirely upset the equilibrium of this complacent dramatist.

BUT even this distressing experience had almost faded from his memory when I met him in his charming little studio apartment in West Eleventh Street. Immediately upon meeting Martin Brown you get the impression that his stay, wherever he may be at the moment, is but transitory. This is merely a roadside stop on the road to Somewhere Else. The small apartment looks as though it had been untenanted for a long time. Dust has settled in a thin film over the furniture. A mustiness pervades the place.

Martin Brown, in a thick white sweater with a brilliant border, and wearing heavy brogan oxfords, has an almost collegiate appearance. Slender, with dark-brown hair and a small brown, clipped mustache, there is something Continental about his aspect. (Actually he was born in Canada, but has spent most of his life in the United States.) His mouth is terribly swollen and sore, and he explains that his lips were a bit chapped and some one told him to put camphor on them. He did, with dire results.

"They meant camphor ice," he explained blithely. "But they said just plain camphor, and so I followed their advice. I'm sort of simple. I do everything anyone tells me to."

After only a few minutes' conversation with Martin Brown, you know he is without affectation. Frank, open, devoid of gestures. He announces at once that he has no ponderous theories—in fact, no theories at all—about anything. It is apparent that he hasn't the slightest desire to impress anyone that he is a mental heavy-



MARTIN BROWN, whose last play of selfish, philandering, man-eating woman has been an outstanding success of the season

weight. This is unusual, for authors, in particular, frequently feel it incumbent upon themselves to put over the idea that their minds are clearing-houses for thick philosophy. They admit that they write with an inward urge. Inspiration. And all that sort of thing. Not so the author of *Cobra*.

"I write because it's my way of earning my living," he announces candidly. "And I certainly want my plays to be box-office successes. I like the money. It's absurd for an author to pretend that he writes plays independent of the box-office. It's either untrue or downright idiocy. For seventeen years I was an actor. I played everything from light comedy to emotional drama. I did everything but cavort in a circus ring. For a while I was a professional dancer. Then my heart gave out, and the doctor ordered me to leave the stage. I had to make a living. I liked to write, and, having learned a great deal about the mechanics of the theatre in the years I was in the profession, I decided to write plays. Play-writing is the best gamble for big stakes, with a good chance of winning, of which I know."

"Some of my plays were fair, some not so good, and *Cobra* is my first real hit. My first play was *A Very Good Young Man*, which was character comedy; the second, *The Prodigious Son*, satire; the third, *The Exciters*, a Selwyn production, a combination of comedy and melodrama; the next an adaptation of *L'Enfant d'Amour* (*The Love Child*), the utmost in emotional drama; the next, *The Lady*, and then *Cobra*.

Mr. Brown forgot just how many plays he had written, and jumped up to get a clipping book which his sister keeps for her somewhat indifferent brother. The doorbell rang, and he answered it and found several women calling to rent his apartment.

"Just bought a home in Monte Carlo," he explained. "I'm getting rid of this. Going to make my permanent home in France."

The interview goes up in smoke while the impulsive Mr. Brown shows several dozen snap-shot views of his new possession. It is a stunning little white castle nestled among cliffs at the water's edge in Monte Carlo. There are gardens, long sunlit walks guarded by flower sentinels, a wall of roses and tropical blooms, little breakfast porches, big shade trees.

"IT'S my dream come true," confides Mr. Brown. "I visited Monte Carlo last year with my sister and decided that it was the one place in the world where I'd like to settle down to live. I made up my mind if I ever made enough money I'd return and buy a home there. Six months ago I returned, and three days after my arrival bought 'Le Petit Chien Bleu'—The Little Blue Dog. It's a grand place in which to play. Perhaps I'll play so much I won't have time to write."

This thought doesn't seem to worry Martin Brown in the least. There is much of the play-boy about him. His grand passion is water sport, and if he writes any more plays in Monte Carlo, I know it will be perched on a certain cliff I saw right out in the middle of a large patch of water.

"I like best to write very light character comedy," said Mr. Brown. "But somehow others like me to write emotional drama. I wrote *Cobra* simply because I chanced upon something which I felt was good dramatic material. A friend of mine, after telling about a dozen other dramatists, told me about a young married woman who lost her life in a Southern hotel fire under similar circumstances to those occurring to Elise in *Cobra*. I wrote a play around the incident, sold it, and as I had made all arrangements to sail for France, could not upset my plans when I learned, three days before my sailing date, that *Cobra* was going to open. I did not attend any of the

(Continued on page 68)



Photo Illustrators, Philadelphia

MORGAN FARLEY AND ANN HARDING IN "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"
*The Broadway Favorites Are to Appear This Season in a Series of Special Matinées of
the Stephen Phillips Tragedy*

Is Nudity Salacious?

The Artists Exalt It. The Puritans Condemn It. What Does It Contribute to the Stage?

By TED SHAWN

THERE is a power in beauty that is like the sun—it works its way quietly and gently, but its effects are greater than many more blustering and obvious claims to strength. As a nation, we Americans fear and despise beauty. The Puritan type of mind, which produced its arch type in the late Anthony Comstock, found beauty and sin almost synonymous. His influence and that of his kind was, and is, of incalculable harm to our whole race. Our progress depends upon ideals of beauty. It has been stated that the influence of Italian Renaissance painters, constantly producing pictures of ideal beauty stimulated by their newly awakened worship of ancient Greek art, actually changed and beautified the whole Italian people, and was a real civilizing force.

There is no doubt that we are affected by that which is constantly before our eyes. The most universal art of to-day is that of the stage and screen. In the hands of dramatic and moving-picture producers lies a tool of untold power for good or evil. I believe that the presenting on a stage and screen of supreme examples of human beauty is good, for from the stage more than any other source mankind gets its dream-ideals.

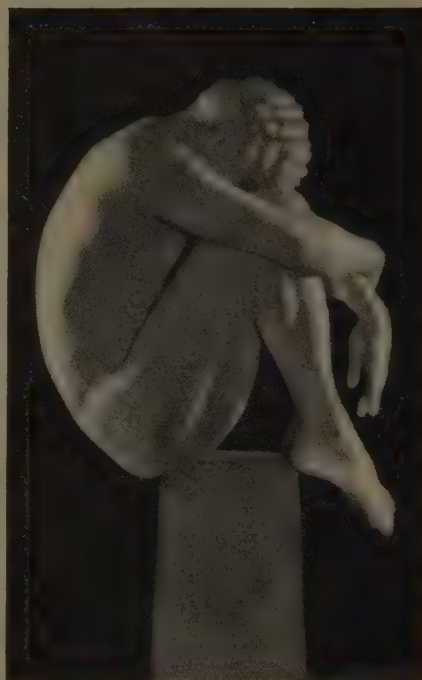
ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM, in his *New Decalogue of Science*, says: "Men do tend strongly to marry the women of their dreams. Whether those dreams be dreams of beauty or ugliness, intelligence or stupidity, determines the type of women and consequently the children that will people a nation. And the character of man's dreams is largely influenced by the creations of the artist. . . . Beauty is the physiological basis of all that evolution has thought worth preserving. It is often said that beauty is only skin deep. It is as deep as protoplasm, as inherent as intellect, as vital as character. In the large it is woven into the protoplasmic fabric of the race with all that is admirable and excellent. It is correlated with intelligence and refinement of soul. It is the one sure germinal basis of great racial stock. It blooms instantly where given a happy soil and a congenial air. Every period when men have turned their minds to culture and things of the spirit, beauty, intelligence and character have all flowered together with exquisite fragrance. Every high period of human splendor has been characterized by beautiful, intelligent and noble men and women. Beauty bloomed all through feudalism and chivalry. It was associated with all which meant character and intelligence. It remains to be seen if democracy will make men and women beautiful or ugly. If it fails to make them beautiful and keep them so it will fail to produce intelligence and character. Unless our vocational and humanistic education can rush to the res-

cue and make beauty of body and mind the very atmosphere amid which men live, then democracy, ugliness and stupidity will all become synonymous terms."

The greatest animosity of the Puritan censor has been against nudity. There are still cities, such as Providence, R. I., and Little Rock, Arkansas, where Miss Ruth St. Denis and I cannot appear with our company unless we promise to completely cover our bodies. Of course, we do not

gestive as diabolically designed costumes. And the "Human Chandeliers" and "Living Curtains" produce much less sexual excitement than the cleverly arranged concealing-and-displaying costumes of the jazzing chorus. (Not that I, myself, believe sexual stimulus from the stage to be wrong—I do not. But it is the quality of the image and ideal stamped upon the consciousness of the beholder at such times that strikes me as being of utmost importance.)

In a newspaper interview in 1917 I predicted that within ten years I would be able to dance nude before an audience and without offense. Last summer—only six years after my prophecy—I achieved its fulfillment in a performance at Peterborough, N. H., which was attended by the best brains and blood of New England. The treatment of the stage-setting, lighting and the motive of movement and expression was all designed to produce impersonal and sculptural effect. I had recently returned from abroad, where I had steeped myself in the beauty of the sculpture of Rome, Florence, Madrid, Paris and London, and this dance was my creation. The response from that audience will remain as one of the most prized memories of my life.



Hiller

DESPAIR

An eloquent pose by the author

dance in these cities. It is still a common and widespread belief that nudity is shameful and that there is something inherently vile in a naked body. Anyone who has sincerely and without prejudice thought this matter out to a conclusion, knows how false this is. The only thing that it is shameful to expose is ugliness. To look at a nude woman whose breasts are flabby and discolored, whose body is gross and fat—produces only nausea and disgust. To see the naked body of one who is healthy, strong, symmetrical and of noble proportion is to experience a sense of divine revelation, and one is moved to something akin to exaltation.

But we must not confuse beauty with mere prettiness. The trouble with the nudity in most of the revues is not vulgarity but shallowness. The girl displayed is the vacuous, magazine-cover type, and as such presents a trivial ideal of womanhood. But even so nudity, it is beginning to be generally admitted, is not nearly so sug-

WINCKELMANN, who was, according to Walter Pater, the forerunner of Goethe in bringing the renaissance of the classic arts to Germany, wrote as follows:

"By no people has beauty been so highly esteemed as by the Greeks. The priests . . . were always youths to whom the prize of beauty had been awarded. . . . And as beauty was so longed for and prized by the Greeks, every beautiful person sought to become known to the whole people by this distinction, and, above all, to approve himself to the artists, because they awarded the prize; and this was for the artists an opportunity of having supreme beauty ever before their eyes. Beauty even gave a right to fame; and we find in Greek histories the most beautiful people distinguished. . . . It seems even to have been thought that the procreation of beautiful children might be promoted by prizes. This is shown by the existence of contests for beauty in which a prize was offered to the youths for the deffest kiss. The general esteem for beauty went so far that the Spartan women set up in their bed chambers a Nireus, a Narcissus or a Hvacinth that they might bear beautiful children."

And from the same source:

"As it is confessedly the beauty of man which is to be conceived under one general idea, so I have noticed that those who are observant of beauty only in women, and are moved little or not at all by the beauty of men, seldom have an impartial, vital,

(Continued on page 54)



Ted Shawn, American, Who As Dancer, Instructor, and Inspiration Has Hewn a Pioneer Path to Attic Beauty Through a Wilderness of Harsh Native Inhibitions

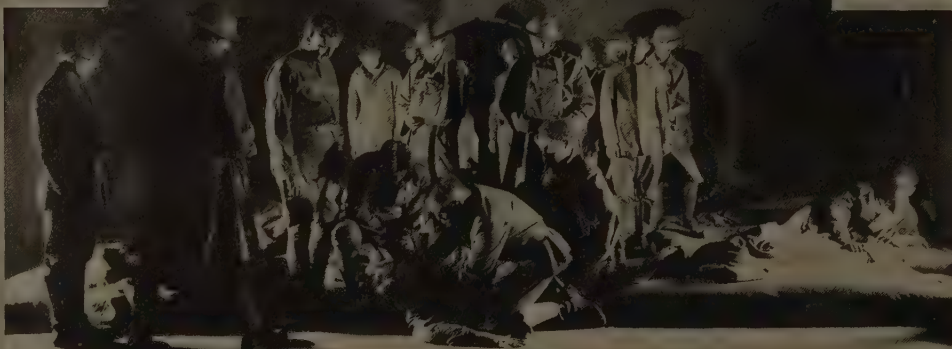
(Studies by Lejaren A. Hiller)



Cognac Pete (*Luis Alberni*) comes to headquarters to accuse Sergeant Quirt (*William Boyd*, seated at table) of having ruined his daughter. Captain Flagg (*Louis Wolheim*), whose own conscience is none too easy, stands on right



Charmaine (*Leyla Georgie*) favors Captain Flagg, but when he's away, the other men are equally to her liking



Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg both know what each thinks of the other, and little love is lost between them

A cellar in a disputed town. Comedy and thrills amid the stark horror, the filth and bestiality of Armageddon

"WHAT PRICE GLORY" AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE
Thrills, Profanity and Good Comedy in Powerful New War Play

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



What Price Glory

War play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre September 5, with the following cast:

Corporal Gowdy, Brian Donlevy; Corporal Kiper, Fuller Mellish, Jr.; Corporal Lipinsky, George Tobias; First Sergeant Quirt, William Boyd; Captain Flagg, Louis Wolheim; Charmaine, Leyla Georgie; Lieutenant Aldrich, Fay Roope; Lieutenant Moore, Clyde North; Lieutenant Schmidt, Charles Costigan; Gunnery Sergeant Sockkel, Henry G. Shelvey; Private Mulcahy, Jack MacGraw; Sergeant Ferguson, James A. Devine; Monsieur Pete, Luis Alberni; Brigadier General Cokeley, Roy LaRue; A Chaplain, John C. Davis; Lieutenant Cunningham, J. Merrill Holmes; Lieutenant Lundstrom, Robert Warner.

AN uncommonly interesting and virile war play, awkwardly titled, but full of meat and atmosphere,—well written, splendidly acted. My only quarrel with it is that it is not what it pretends to be—a faithful picture of war.

The program explicitly labels it "a play of war as it is, not as it has been presented theatrically for thousands of years." One of the authors is himself a victim of war's rigors and in a novel has already argued forcefully against war as an abomination no longer to be endured. The present piece, therefore, at least as regards the personal opinions of one of its sponsors, may be regarded as propaganda against war.

The illogic of the so-called pacifist's position need not be stressed here. At heart we are all pacifists. Every sane man hates war just as when a small boy he hated castor-oil. But the oil was sometimes necessary and so is war. When a nation has exhausted its last argument in defense of its rights, the only resource left is physical force. What would the decisions of our Supreme Court amount to unless they were backed up by the military power of the State? The pacifist has, of course, the right to express his opinion—no matter how foolish it may be. It is only when he distorts truth to emphasize his mistaken point of view that one must take issue with him.

The present play has but the thinnest apology for a plot. Its chief protagonists are two vicious, worthless men who quarrel for the favors of a worthless French woman. That the piece, ironical as it is meant to be and is, is good theatre and holds you from the start, is undeniable. Its droll types of the United States marines, its forceful, virile dialogue, interlarded with picturesque profanity for which unnecessary apology is made on the program, the amusing comedy situations and lively bickering of the hard-boiled commander, Captain Flagg, and his blasphemous rival, the whiskey-soaked Sergeant Quirt—all this with grim tragedy stalking invisible in the background—is both vital and gripping. But that these characters are truly representative of the brave fellows who answered the call of duty and made the

supreme sacrifice on the battle-fields of France will, I think, be resented by the American soldier. If we were told, not that this play is a faithful picture of war, but only a picture of some aspects of war, criticism would be disarmed. But I, for one, refuse to accept this as a faithful picture.

We are shown only the sordidness, the stark horror, the filth and bestiality of war and its reactions on the men dragged from office desks and comfortable homes to suffer all its misery. The play shows only that side. The other side

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

COBRA—Strong and interesting sex drama, with a brilliant performance of the vamp by Judith Anderson.

I'LL SAY SHE IS—The Marx Brothers' musical show—low comedy, but hilariously funny.

MINICK—Delightful and amusing character study of an old man in conflict with the younger generation. Admirably acted by O. P. Heggie, Phyllis Povah and others.

PASSING SHOW OF 1924—A really gorgeous annual revue filled with beauty, glitter and glamour. Novel dance numbers, superb clowning and talented principals. A show not to be missed.

ROSE MARIE—That *rara avis*, an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

THE DREAM GIRL—A delightful musical rendering of the fantasy, *The Road to Yesterday*, with score by Victor Herbert and competent cast headed by charming Fay Bainter and Walter Woolf.

THE SHOW-OFF—American comedy by George Kelly, offering an exceptional character study and some good acting by Louis Bartels in the title-rôle.

of the picture—the spiritual exaltation of the young warrior as he responds to his country's call, buckling on his armor to defend home and loved ones, the individual deeds of heroism, the self-sacrifice of the badly wounded soldier emptying his water flask to slake the thirst of a dying comrade, the noble work of mercy done by the women nurses—all that is conveniently ignored. Apparently for the purpose of making the picture as repellent as possible, only the meanest types are shown, men moved by the worst passions and most ignoble instincts.

The acting is of a superlative order. Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled Captain Flagg surpasses even his notable Hairy Ape record. A truly remarkable performance. William Boyd runs him a close second in histrionic honors as the tough, imperturbable Sergeant Quirt. The other characters were all in competent hands.

The Tantrum

Comedy in three acts by William F. Dugan and John Meehan. Produced by A. L. Jones and Morris Green at the Cort Theatre September 4, with the following cast:

Mary, Corone Paynter; Harry, Elmer Cornell; Abe, Phil White; Donnelly, Frank Miller; Mrs. de Piper, Roberta Arnold; Mr. de Piper, Joe Kinz; Al, Charles Kennedy; Nora, Hazele Burgess; Barry Slavin, Roy Gordon; Marian, Viola Leach; Lew, Will Deming; Rose, Dana Desboro; Helen, Bobbie Perkins; Dorothy, Helen Fowble; Whalen, F. S. Merlin.

OFFICIAL statistics are not at hand, but I'll venture the statement, without much fear of contradiction, that the American husband is the most hen-pecked man in the world. One potent reason why all husbands will want to see *The Tantrum*, in which that inimitable comédienne, Roberta Arnold, plays the rôle of a nagging wife to the life. The piece is titled poorly. The domestic quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. de Piper is more than a tantrum. It's a domestic cyclone. The play might be called *The Taming of the Shrew*, if that title had not been already pre-empted by the gentle Will, or better still *School for Wives*, for in this comedy the wife, Mrs. de Piper, receives a lesson that cures her of shrewishness for life.

A rather effective device both opens and closes the play. The scene represents a corner in the darkened auditorium of a theatre. The play is about to begin. The only spectators seen are two tired business men, a couple of young lovers and a man and wife quarreling. The wife, a typical nag, is snapping like a turtle at her unfortunate husband, threatening an even more severe tongue-lashing when she gets him home. This scene fades out and the play begins. We see the sitting-room of the de Pipers, a middle-class couple. Mr. de Piper, instead of going to business, irritates his wife by pottering in his garden. Mrs. de Piper, suffering from frayed nerves, has a fit of hysterics and slaps her husband's face such a smack that he decides then and there that he is through. She laughs to derision his announced determination to go out of her life forever. He isn't man enough, she cries tauntingly. But he packs his grip and departs. Of course, he promptly goes to the dogs and the last act finds him at one of those gay parties where pre-war Scotch and scantily draped ladies of the underworld help grass widowers to forget their troubles. Here, amid the drunken revelry, comes the wife. Contrite now, only too willing to promise to nag no more, she urges her husband to return to the conjugal roof. But, brutally, he shoves her aside. He is through with her tyranny for keeps. In fact, he finds these "girlies" more to his taste. So Mrs. de Piper pulls a gun and shoots him. Once more the scene flashes back to the darkened auditorium in the theatre. The nagging wife, horror-stricken at what has happened to the fictitious wife in the play, nestles close to her husband. "Isn't it awful?" she whispers. "I'll never be catty no more, dear. Let's go and eat." Curtain.

Crude stuff, you say, and you're right—even cruder than it sounds here. The third act is cheap, conventional hokum, badly constructed, incoherent in the telling, vague in meaning. Yet it keeps you laughing. The lines are amusing and the scenes between the husband and wife remind most of the men-folk of many a similar scene suffered at home. For this, if for no other reason, the play may catch on.

Roberta Arnold as Mrs. de Piper is the whole show. What she doesn't know about nagging a man to sheer desperation isn't worth mentioning. A perfect she-devil in her tantrums, a wild woman as full of kick and punch as any Texas broncho, she keeps the air blue with demoniacal fuss and fury. A capital performance that made one regret it was not in the service of a better play. Joe King gave excellent support as the husband, now tame, then aroused to a virtuous, lion-like rage. Will Deming contributed good comedy as the bibulous friend Lew.

The Passing Show of 1924

Musical revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Winter Garden on September 3, with the following principals:

James Barton, Jack Rose, Lulu McConnell, the Lockfords, Harrington Sisters, Allan Prior, Herbert Ashton, Andrew Jochim, Harry McNaughton, William Simpson, Robert Lee, Olga Cook, Dorothy Janice, George Hassell, Marie Saxon.

PRODUCERS will find it difficult to surpass this gorgeous twelfth annual revue of Lee and J. J. Shubert. It is a triumph, particularly esthetically. Only wizardry could concoct a combination which would excel this dazzling spectacle in all its features. Its kaleidoscopic scenes are filled with beauty, shifting lights, glitter and glamour. But it is not the blatant type of changing beauty. It is all delicate nuances. Against colorful back drapes, there flash white forms, garbed in glowing costumes. Sometimes the figures dance and skip. But often they assume charming plastic poses which delight the eye.

There are tableaux which, in artistic execution, excel anything of the kind ever seen in this type of revue. There are novel dance numbers, eccentric dancing, comedy skits, ballet numbers, travesties and some plain clowning and tomfoolery. Everything which a revue audience might naturally want is here, but it is offered swathed in a cloak of sheer beauty.

Out of the brilliant mesh of swiftly moving scenes there emerges one which, in an artistic sense, surpasses all the others. It is called a "Study in Porcelain," the groups representing Old Chelsea, Chinese, French, Wedgwood, Delft, Old Vienna and Dresden.

But this new Winter Garden Show is not concocted to delight only the votaries of art. James Barton, with his superb clowning and dancing; Jack Rose, with his straw-hat-busting mania, and Lulu McConnell, buxom and blithe, dispense a fat portion of fun for those who need their beauty mixed with mirth.

There are in the cast so many principals whose work is outstanding that it is difficult to mention them all. The Lockfords, for instance, whose dancing has embellished many musical shows during the past few seasons; the cute Harrington Sisters, steeped in an atmosphere of bonny Caledonia; Allan Prior, the tenor. All of these clever entertainers are aided and abetted by statuesque show girls, who wear their beautiful and daring costumes with great nonchalance, and peppy, jazzy little ponies.

It is not an easy matter to write a review of this Passing Show without becoming grandiloquent. For, after a run of musical productions which are so similar that they blend into one soon-to-be-forgotten pattern, it is so gratifying to see a revue with distinctive features that

there is the danger of hurling the adjectives too profusely. This new Shubert offering deserves a wide blue ribbon, and no mistake.

Rose Marie

Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Imperial Theatre September 2, with this cast:

Sergeant Malone, Arthur Deagon; Lady Jane, Dorothy Mackaye; Black Eagle, Arthur Ludwig; Edward Hawley, Frank Greene; Emile La Flamme, Edward Ciannelli; Wanda, Pearl Regay; Hard-Boiled Herman, William Kent; Jim Kenyon, Dennis King; Rose Marie La Flamme, Mary Ellis; Ethel Brander, Lela Bliss; Ladies of the Ensemble, Gentlemen of the Ensemble.

IT is rarely enough, heaven knows, that one can say with any self-respect that a musical show is genuinely magnificent. My colleagues of the daily press are hard put, occasionally, to find phrases that will do honor to a good piece of the kind after their customary "bigger and better" policy with every bit of musical show hash that is turned out by the more important management. Such must have been the case with *Rose Marie*. Here was a need for justice, yet justice could scarcely be rendered due to all the adjectives having been used up on far less worthy matter. Fortunately, by dint of calling a musical show unutterable when I think it is (which is usually), I have conserved a few phrases that cover Arthur Hammerstein's latest offering. Here is an entertainment that is intelligent, tuneful, beautiful and decent.

Mr. Friml has done especially well with the tunes, and Messrs. Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd have written a book that is head, shoulders and waist above the customary dribble about prohibition and Brooklyn. Particular honors must, however, proceed to the charming Mary Ellis, who, now featured for the first time—or, for that matter, now appearing for the first time in any performance of the kind,—establishes herself as the peer of any musical show star in this country. It was the logical development for Miss Ellis. For several years those who have watched this talented young person, first at the Metropolitan Opera House, singing tiny rôles and then cavorting on Mr. Belasco's stage, prophesied that her proper destiny was this which she has found at last. She brings a genuine air to her latest and ultimate task, a small but well-used voice, much poise and a prettiness that seems especially suited to the scene she now commands. Hammerstein is a wise guesser. Miss Ellis is a sure bet.

Havoc

Play in four acts by Harry Wall. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Maxine Elliott Theatre September 1, with the following cast:

Mr. Stephens, Cosmo Bellew; Bennett, Ruth Raymond; Alice Derring, Ethel Griffies; Violet Derring, Joyce Barbour; Tessie Dunton, Molly Johnson; Dick Chappell, Ralph Forbes; Smithy, William Kershaw; Biddie, Forrester Harvey; Sergt.-Major Paley, Vincent Holman; The Babe, Richard Bird; Roddy Dunton, Leo G. Carroll; Lance-Corporal Higgins, Donovan Maule; Private Jones, Denis Gurney; Captain Taylor, Claude Allister; Hospital Orderly, Jack Esmond.

AFRANKLY theatrical though none the less gripping melodrama, and a cluster of individual performances that rank with the very best, is *Havoc's* contribution to the new season. Gambling on the strength of its seven months in

London, Lee Shubert brought over this intensively British production, despite a prevailing attitude over here that we are not quite ripe for the "war play." That *Havoc* falls into the latter class is unquestioned, and its smell of powder and glimpse of uniforms that have been in camphor these five years will, of course, reopen wounds that are painful for many. Unless the too recent remembrance of those pitiful days makes the stage deaths of the play especially uncomfortable to an audience, I see no reason why *Havoc* should not duplicate its English triumph.

There is a compelling dramatic idea in *Havoc*. It is that one miserable bawd of a woman in a London flat can cause more hell in a group of men than can the war which they happen to be fighting at the time of their contact with her. Their miseries, deaths and blindnesses are due in far greater measure to her, who pretends to love them all, than to Heinie, who wields no weapon that can't be seen. Two officers, in particular, Lieutenant Chappell and Captain Dunton, friends and close comrades, are placed by Violet Derring into the position of mortal enemies because Dunton, loving the girl ardently and believing his love to be returned by her, finds that Chappell has become engaged to her during his absence at the front. The situation, based on Dunton's insensate jealousy and rage, becomes critical and results in the latter's placing his junior officer in a position of the lines where death is certain. His plans miscarry and the innocent enough lieutenant, who has been lured on by the nymphomaniac in London, escapes death but is blinded. Dunton, torn by the terror of what he has done, shoots himself, while the blind man returns to the girl only to find her taken up with another man.

Here is an absorbing story, well told in terms of the stage, and holding from beginning to end. It gains immeasurably in the manner of its doing, and nothing out of last year's Muscovites became more truthful in the telling. The scenes at the front seem immensely faithful and performances by Leo Carroll, Ralph Forbes and Richard Bird are as competent and fine as any I've seen.

Nerves

A play in three acts by John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benet. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr., at the Comedy Theatre on September 1, with the following cast:

Mrs. Hill, Marie Curtis; Jack Coates, Kenneth MacKenna; Ted Hill, Paul Kelly; Peggy Thatch, Winifred Lenihan; Paul Overman, Reed Brown; Frank Smith, Henry Whittmore; Arthur Greene, John McCauley; Bob Thatch, Humphrey Bogart; Mary, Barbara Kitson; Jane, Mary Phillips; Carter, John Gray; Janet, Cynthia Hyde; Rook, Walter Baldwin; Jean, Kyra Alanova; Mathew Anderson, Edward H. Wever; Orderly, T. C. Durham, Jr.

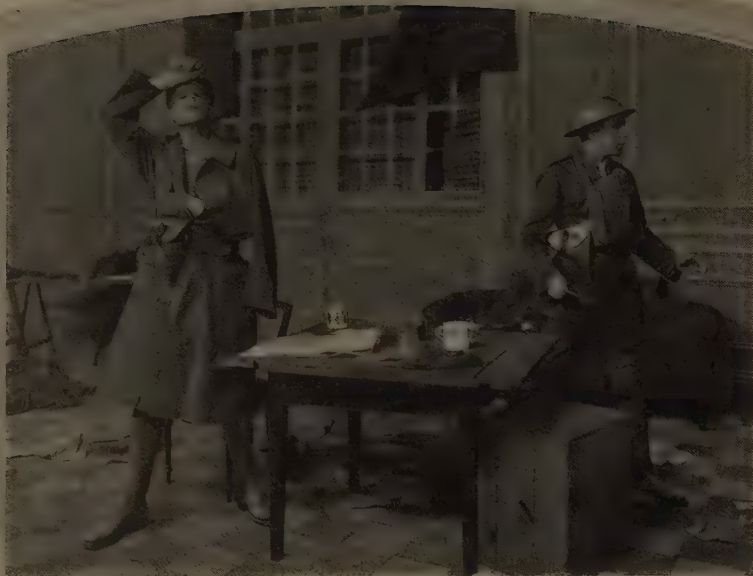
BBROADWAY has had three war plays in a single week. This, the first, was written by two of the younger and more thoughtful of the New York *littérati*. It is high-strung, sentimental, neither completely theatrical nor completely literary. But it does present grippingly and artistically one aspect of the college youths' reaction to war in a series of three acts which show them at a Long Island house party before the call, in France as members of the Tiger Squadron, and then again on Long Island at a reunion dinner of the unit. It is a story of war, but more a story of one young man's war



A SNOW-FLAKE: PAVLOWA

The Incomparable Anna and Laurent Novikoff Have Created a New and Beautiful Winter Ballet

Camera Painting by Leonetti



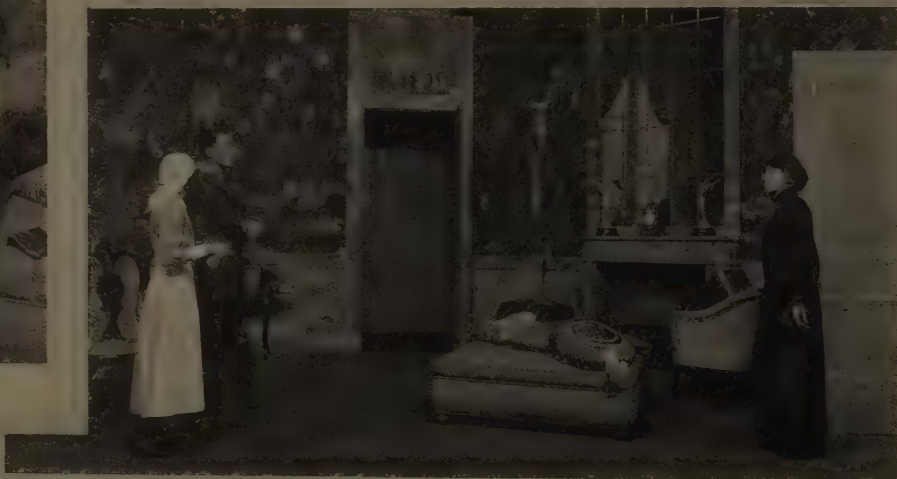
The victim of his former friend Roddy's frenzied, jealous hatred, Dick (*Ralph Forbes*) returns from the shambles, his arm shattered and eyesight destroyed



Roddy (*Leo G. Carroll*, right) realizes that the woman he loved has played him false and that he himself is a murderer. So he takes the only way out and shoots himself



Returning to London, Dick, groping his way painfully about, seeks eagerly the girl who promised him her love, but Violet (*Joyce Barbour*) has again changed her mind, and he gets only a cool welcome



But Tessie (*Molly Johnson*, left) remains at his side to give Dick comfort, and Alice (*Ethel Griffies*) sees in this new interest a blessing that will blot out the havoc done by the old

"HAVOC" AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE
Stirring English War Melodrama Furnishes Love and Thrills

with cowardice, told with almost feminine delicacy and sentiment.

Kenneth MacKenna does splendid work as Jack Coates and he is supported by a brilliant cast. But Winifred Lenihan is an unfortunate member of a Long Island house-party, however tragic its undercurrents, for she seems never able to divorce herself from severe heroics and intensity. The casual mood is impossible to her. She is all violence, high feeling, sincerity.

Had not *Nerves* been succeeded by such opposed war stories as *Havoc* and *What Price Glory*, it might have been more impressive. It suffers, as drama, in comparison with the virility of the later offerings.

The Green Beetle

Drama in three acts by John Willard. Produced by Kilbourn Gordon at the Klaw Theatre September 2, with the following cast:

Chang Hong, Ian Maclaren; Moy Gow, Stephen Wright; Chi Li, Blanche Friderici; Helen Chandos, Florence Fair; Robert Chandos, Percy Moore; Casey, Thomas Gunn; Tom Baxter, Louis Kimball; Bellboy, Conrad Cantzen; Cyrus Baxter, Edmund Elton; Elsie Chandos, Lee Patrick.

HIGH expectations were formed of John Willard's new play, *The Green Beetle*, for the perfectly good reason that this author's last drama, *The Cat and the Canary*, was the biggest thriller of the last few seasons and piled up the ducats for all concerned. That the new play will add much either to Mr. Willard's bank roll or to his reputation as a deft carpenter of stage mysteries is more than doubtful. At most it may be said that in *The Green Beetle* he has an effective one-act sketch that might find favor in vaudeville. For the drama practically ends with the first of its three acts.

That there is an irresistible fascination about the Chinaman as a stage character cannot be denied. The Oriental's flowered, cryptic speech, his immutable, crafty smile, his sinister silence and noiseless, catlike tread make him in a play of this sort a weird, compelling figure of impending tragedy.

The drama tells the story of the vengeance wreaked by Chang Hong, the merchant of Frisco's Chinatown, on Robert Chandos, an American, for a crime committed by the white man years before the curtain's rise. Chandos and his wife are lured into Chang's curio shop and here the American meets his death. The wife, drugged, becomes the Oriental's slave. This is virtually the end of the drama, but for the purpose of filling out an evening a daughter and young lover are introduced. Chang has vowed to destroy the Chandos family, root and branch, and the rest of the action is taken up with his attempts to gain possession of the girl, who finally evades his clutches, Chang himself becoming a victim to his own murder lust at the end of a rather feeble and not very convincing last act.

There was no particular distinction in the acting. Ian Maclaren, so superb as the Bishop of Beauvais in *Joan of Arc*, played Chang with forceful dignity, but hardly suggested the Chinese merchant in appearance, speech or manner. Stephen Wright gave a much more realistic performance as the sinister, slinking Moy Gow. Louis Kimball furnished welcome comedy relief as the young lover, shy of the ladies, who finds one hiding in his bed.

The Haunted House

Farce in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Lewis and Gordon at the George M. Cohan Theatre on September 2, with the following cast:

The Tramp, John Irwin; The Bride, Flora Sheffield; The Groom, Saxon Kling; The Chauffeur, Leslie Adams; The Wife, Isabel Withers; The Novelist, Wallace Eddinger; The Girl, Isabel Leighton; The Sheriff, Denman Maley; The Milkman, Arthur Aylsworth; The Detective, Dudley Clements; The Father, Frank Monroe.

THIS is a farce in three complexes psycho-analyzed by the author, Owen Davis, according to the program announcement. The most outstanding of the three complexes is the inferiority complex. This farcical mystery play is more farcical than mysterious. It uses up several hours in tracing the murderer of a cow. Before the "mystery" is solved, every one supposed the victim to be a woman. Why, nobody knows.

The usual mystery-play claptrap is in evidence. A darkened stage, with the gloom punctured by women's shrill shrieks. A haunted bungalow. Noises. Demoniac laughter. Opening and shutting of doors. Raps. Everything is loosely put together, giving the impression that it is entirely improvisation by the actors. All of this is not worthy of the talents of three entertaining members of the cast: Wallace Eddinger, John Irwin and Isabel Withers. John Irwin, as an impish tramp, ran away with the show—that is, what there was left to run away with, after the sophisticated first-night audience had laughed off most of it. His make-up was extraordinary, his interpretation of a jovial hobo mightily amusing.

The Haunted House might have been a success had it been tenanted only by Wallace Eddinger as the author, with his colossal conceit and boyish eagerness to be the sole solver of a mystery; Isabel Withers as the sharp-tongued wife, who understood her husband better than he understood himself, and John Irwin, the blithe rail-walker.

The simple-minded milk-driver and the equally simple police officer, the bride, the groom, the detective were all encumbrances, cluttering up what little action there was.

Be Yourself

A musical comedy by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Music by Lewis Gensler and Milton Schwarzwald, extra lyrics by Ira Gershwin, staged by William Collier, presented by Wilmer and Vincent at the Harris Theatre on September 3, with the following cast:

Marjorie Brennan, Dorothy Whitmore; Grandma Sarah Brennan, Georgia Caine; Joseph Peabody Prescott, G. P. Huntley; David Robinson, Barrett Greenwood; Matt McLean, Jack Donahue; Tony Robinson, Queenie Smith; Eustace Brennan, Jack Kearney; Mordecai Brennan, Jay Wilson; Cyrus Brennan, Ted Weller; Hemp McLean, John Kearney; Bull McLean, Ralph Brainerd; Betty, Teddy Hudson; Adam McLean, James R. McCann.

COMBINE Kaufman and Connelly with Queenie Smith and Jack Donahue, and one may expect uproarious comedy in quips and antics. *Be Yourself* has comedy; but only occasionally does it rise above the level of mediocre. A less auspicious blend of talents might win some indulgences. But all those concerned with the operetta have proved themselves far brighter than in this last effort.

However, the book is not unoriginal, kidding as it does the profitable feudal business of the Mountaineers on Broadway, and blithely singing and dancing of a romance between the son and daughter of two rival clans. The Kaufman-Connelly touches of "bigger and better murders" are there to merrily embellish it.

In Queenie Smith and Jack Donahue *Be Yourself* has two of the nimblest dancers on Broadway and at least one of the finest comedians. A gay and decorative chorus, some lively tunes, deft lyrics and a pleasant mounting. But something, as in *Helen of Troy, N. Y.*, is missing. It may be that those who like musical comedy take it too seriously, or those who do not like it are too indifferent—but burlesque and satire of it are never entirely successful. American musical comedy is a thing of boarding-school mood and ukelele sentiment. Destroy the illusions of sincerity and the thing seems hollow. Especially when the comic results fail to justify the romantic destruction. *Be Yourself* is not a poor musical play, but neither is it an especially good one.

High Stakes

Drama in three acts by Willard Mack. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Hudson Theatre on September 9, with the following cast:

Richard Lennon, Wilton Lackaye; Murray, Robert Vivian; Dolly Lennon, Phoebe Foster; Louis de Salde, Fleming Ward; Joe Lennon, Lowell Sherman; Anne Cornwall, Sue MacManamy.

WHEN I see hard-boiled first nighters rapturously applauding something which by every canon of dramatic art, good taste and common intelligence is a punk play, I always wonder what enthusiasm these same people would have left for a piece really worth while. Take, for example, the attitude of the audience at the premiere of *High Stakes* at the Hudson. Judging by the loud applause, the incessant laughter, the ovation given each individual performer, the many curtain calls, one would think the occasion marked the launching of a very remarkable play, with really notable acting. For the record, let it be said at once that it marked nothing of the sort. I have seen some poor plays in my time, but it's many a moon since I sat through a piece so amateurishly put together, so barren in ideas and interest, so tedious in action, crude and dull in dialogue as this latest product of Mr. Willard Mack's.

Mr. Lennon, a wealthy widower who looks considerably older than his stated sixty years, has married a blonde kid of twenty-two and carelessly omitted to ask for references. The girl, of course, is a crook, and Mr. de Salde, a gentleman also picked up out of nowhere and invited to the house by the unsuspecting husband, is a confederate. But Mr. Lennon's younger brother is wise to them both, and, while playing the silly ass, succeeds so well in spoiling their plans that the crooks realize the game is up and leave the Lennon mansion, snarling and cursing. The butler weeps, as well he might, but Mr. Lennon on his return home is on the whole rather relieved that things have turned out as they have. Instead of hoping for a son and heir, he'll adopt a little boy. That way he'll be sure he's his. Curtain.

This masterpiece was interpreted by a distinguished cast. Wilton Lackaye, a veteran in the affections of the theatregoing public and an actor long noted for the brilliance and virility

(Continued on page 62)

The Most Hated Man in the Theatre

The Little Sunshine of the Great White Alley and How Nobody Loves Him but George

By ARCHIE BELL

WHO is the most unloved-by-the-actors person in America? No, you didn't guess right. He isn't Jake Erlanger, Lee Belasco, Winthrop Cohan, David Ames, Marcus A. Brady nor Florrie Follies. Of course, there are grumbings, upturned noses, sneering remarks and such about all producers and managers. "Mere janitors," dear, crusty old William Winter used to call them; and the actors like to repeat the words. In theatreland, it seems to give one an air of superiority to be brave enough to make a slighting estimate of the artistic abilities of "the hand that feeds them." A man from Mars who dropped into the center of a typical group of Thespians and heard them discussing their employers might imagine that these terrible gentlemen were unspeakable Fafners asleep in their caves, guarding the Rheingold and awaiting what they might devour in the form of unsophisticated beauty and heaven-born talent.

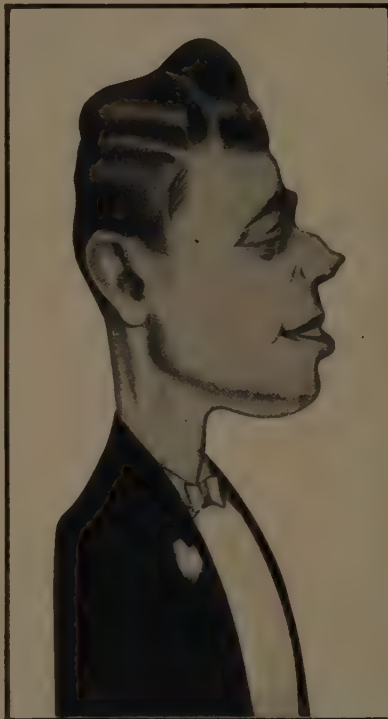
George M. Cohan is a man beloved by the professionals who have associated with him or found their names on his pay-rolls. There are plenty of play folk who have a reverence for the name of David Belasco, remembering much that he has done to advance their careers. Many of the others are loved for their good deeds. Vaudeville folk remember that E. F. Albee sent along a check when the wife or child was ill. They do not want to be and are not in reality ungrateful. Still there is the inclination to speak of their likes as of good deeds in a naughty world. And it isn't the attricial nature to become so enthusiastic about likes as about dislikes.

AS Mrs. Leslie Carter used to say in her *Du Barry* and *Zaza* days, "The world isn't interested in good women." Actors are not so much interested in the people who flatter them, who laugh at their jokes, weep at their tear-invitations, pay their salaries, write columns of praise concerning their art, compare them to Bernhardt. Irving and Duse, assure the soubrettes that they should be at the Metropolitan, insinuate that Belasco lost great stars when he let them slip by in the procession of candidates or who take them from small-time vaudeville and place them in positions of prominence on Broadway. Thespians are likelier to believe that it was coming to them, that they earned it by years of diligent labor in the broad expanses of the hinterland and casually remark in suggestive gratitude: "Oh, So-and-so isn't so bad—but a business man; and he knew which side his bread was buttered on when he 'discovered' me and gave me the opportunity that I deserved."

Sometimes it seems in theatreland that there isn't much distinction in being loved; no, not even in being much loved. I doubt if the usual entrepreneur of entertainment

would care to be referred to as "the most loved man on Broadway."

But there is real distinction in being cordially hated, in being the most hated individual by the actors of America. Sir Joshua Reynolds said that the greatest man is the one who forms public taste; the next greatest is the one who corrupts it. In the



George Jean Nathan as seen by John Held, Jr., trying not to enjoy an opening

same way, the most liked critic of the theatre would be the one who praised most; the most detested would be the one who devoted his life and talents to castigation.

Some men achieve greatness through their own talents and energy, others through the death of a president, war, shipwreck, cyclone or fire. It takes something to bring them out. They were heroes all of the time, but never had the opportunity to prove it. They are *constructive*, or at least have the ability to make the mass of people think they are, which achieves popularity, and that sometimes leads to fame.

There are others who achieve fame by thundering from the mountaintop. Moses did, and we know that his face was "wreathed in horns," which in the original Hebrew means that he was plain mad. But Moses enjoys a splendid reputation, so does Jeremiah and so do most of the other thunderers, including George Bernard Shaw. Sometimes the mob becomes too resentful and crucifies its prophets. It is weary of being scolded and wants to be

flattered. Even then the thunderer becomes a martyr. Usually the world respects the one it hates. All of which brings us to the name of the most hated-by-the-actors critic of the theatre in America—George Jean Nathan, the thunderer—whose voice is much heard in magazines beloved by the barber-shop reader as in others that are to be found upon the table in the drawing-rooms of the *intelligentsia*.

Having assured ourselves that to be loved by the acting profession is easy of accomplishment, it becomes apparent that the most hated individual occupies a much more elevated position than could one before whose photograph incense was burned each day by every member of the acting clan in the whole land.

THERE are plenty of critics who criticize. They are called *constructive* and the actors say, "I like that," proving that they are not perfect even in their own estimation, although nobody ever observed an actor who profited by a critic's warnings. There are critics who "see good in everything," the Pollyannas of the clan, who disliking a play, remark that it isn't so fine a piece of work as *Hamlet*, but that it has its good points. A favorite remark is to insinuate that the actor's work was intolerable and unworthy of criticism, but that "the audience seemed to enjoy it immensely"—thus shirking all responsibility.

A critic may write to please himself, to please the actors or to please his readers. The cold ethics of the choice does not enter into this argument, that George Jean Nathan has become the national chief of dramatic and theatrical criticism in America, and that in consequence he is the best hated-by-the-actors man in America. Malicious animal magnetism doesn't get to him, or the man, instead of writing the brilliant comments that come from his typewriter periodically, would be lying in his tomb, over which there would be perpetually fresh wreaths of poison ivy, moist with the dew of the polecat.

Many years ago, I believe, it is on record that George Jean wrote "pretty little pieces for the paper" about this and that actor, actress and manager. There was much that was admirable about this and that one who gave of his best and made a sincere effort to do something worth while. He observed that audiences were pleased, at least entertained, that the business managers of the periodicals for which he scribbled had no complaint, because advertisements came in regularly, and that it was a comparatively comfortable and agreeable way of making a living. Receiving from nature the ability to turn a neat phrase, even a brilliant epigram, George Jean might have made himself beloved by the theatrical clan. He might have received

(Continued on page 66)



Maurice Goldberg

FAY BAINTER: "THE DREAM GIRL"

The Wistful Charm of This Engaging Actress Brings Added Loveliness to Victor Herbert's Last Operetta

The Passing of the Angels

The Picturesque Backer of Ambitious and Reasonable Ladies is Dying. Who Was He? And Who is to Replace Him?

By BURR COOK

IN the past ten years the American theatre gradually has been eliminating one of its most baneful influences. A prominent manager defines the process as a sort of pleasant regurgitation and the offending influence as none other than the theatrical "angel."

That abused and hitherto necessary factor in the business of the theatre is becoming extinct. His picturesque career is drawing to a close. Once considered a benefactor, he is now regarded as an evil influence. His certified checks are no longer open sesame to the success of play or player. He is anathema and taboo!

To make clear the factors contributing to his decease I must relate the story of Alvin D. Leggett, wealthy Western mining man, who came East about fourteen years ago to spend his money and "get culture." Leggett wanted excitement; he had tried Wall Street, but found it dull. One day he was approached by a Broadway theatrical man who was profoundly convinced that he had a successor to *The Merry Widow* and only needed the capital to put it over.

Leggett invested about \$60,000 in the venture and eventually lost it. But \$60,000 didn't mean a great deal to the gentleman from the West, and in the process of losing his money he had spent many happy weeks, watching rehearsals, helping to pick the cast, exercising his authority and his imagination in choosing the scenery, costumes and—the leading lady! It was a thrilling and novel adventure—well worth the price and much more interesting than Wall Street.

To make a long story as brief as possible, Mr. Alvin D. Leggett came to be a regular Broadway "angel." He could be generally counted on to put up a substantial guarantee—particularly if he was personally interested in some young lady in the cast. While his money lasted he had a good time. Now and then he would strike a winner, but the list of his failures always outbalanced his successes. In those days the theatrical business was a gamble and it needed the gambling angels to support it. Leggett disappeared from the theatrical horizon the night he tried to star his stenographer in a Viennese operetta.

THIS gentleman was probably representative of the type of Broadway angel to whom my friend the manager referred. While he was necessary to the theatre in his day, his influence was derogatory. No great art could disentangle itself from the

purse-strings of these itinerant benefactors. They were not of the theatre nor in the theatre—except as financial speculators. The stage manager was under their thumbs. They often embarrassed a play with a misfit cast because their money was back of it; they were dictators in everything concerning it and they had no knowledge of their subject.

A few of them still exist, but their in-

duce. But where does the money come from?

It comes to-day from four sources—two entirely outside the theatre and two directly associated with it. These are the new substitutes for the theatrical angel. First is the philanthropist, the sincere patron of the art of the theatre—men like Otto Kahn, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Lewisohns, etc., and the long list of wealthy and distinguished guarantors whose financial backing has helped to found the Theatre Guild, Equity Players and other similar organizations. Ten or twelve years ago these men and women would hardly have been attracted to the theatre. It is the recent sound business and artistic development of the theatre itself that has drawn them to it.

Secondly comes the Wall Street clientèle, the men of wealth who invest in the theatre purely as a money-making proposition because they recognize it as a legitimate and fruitful source of revenue. They are an increasingly important factor, due to eminently practical reasons which I shall explain later.

Thirdly comes an entirely novel source of capital, the existence of which, in a measure, accounts for the others. The successful dramatist is to-day producing his own plays with his own capital. Sometimes he bears only a part of the burden; often he associates himself with others and produces as a company, to wit: Winchell Smith and John Golden, the Dramatists, Inc., and Channing Pollock as in *The Fool*.

Fourth, and last, comes a still stranger source of capital. To-day we find the actor financing the drama. Many productions on Broadway during a season are actually corporations in which the actors give their services in exchange for a percentage of the play's receipts. While this innovation has sometimes been a source of exploitation and abuse, it has, in many instances, worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned and has been accepted, both by the Actors' Equity Association and by the legitimate producers, as a workable basis for production.

HERE, then, are the developments that have contributed to the death of the theatrical angel. These developments have been partially explained by the new status of the theatre as an institution. There is a much more important explanation. The chief reason that Wall Street is now coming to the theatre as a medium of
(Continued on page 56)



THE ANGEL

A composite portrait by Wynn

fluence is now subordinated to that of the men whose profession is the stage. Their money is invested, not alone in the play—or in some individual in the play—but in the management behind the play. And the fact that these managements are now reputable and financially sound organizations is one reason why the angel has descended from his high estate.

But the theatre, like any other heavily invested enterprise, requires capital, and this capital still comes largely from sources outside the theatre. Only six or seven of the many producers on Broadway use their own money in their productions. The average investment required for a straight drama amounts to about ten or twelve thousand dollars; for musical comedy, in the neighborhood of fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. The chief obligations include a four-weeks' guarantee for a theatre, scenery and costumes, three weeks' salaries for the actors and advance royalties for the author. After these items are covered the producer can go ahead and pro-



Goldberg

Nydia Westman, the seventeen-year-old ingénue sensation of *Pigs*, practically grew up on the stage and was in *Lightnin'* before her fortunate engagement for the new Golden comedy



White

William Boyd, whose great performance as Sergeant Quirt, the lovable, hard-boiled vulgarian, strikes a strange, effective note of sympathy in *What Price Glory*



Monroe

Marian Coskley, the radiantly lovely Camilla of *The Werewolf*, who made an outstanding hit in support of Laura Hope Crews in the highly flavored, boldly sexy Continental comedy



Ira Hill

Catherine Willard. Although an American, this actress has given her distinguished talent to the London stage, and, practically new to Broadway, created a sensation in *The Mask and the Face*



Goldberg

Florence Johns, shrewd, humorous, engaging and the comedy hit of *The Best People*



White

Lillian Foster, a stock actress, who, in *Conscience*, her first Broadway play, created a furore with an exhibition of dramatic acting which was acclaimed little short of genius



Monroe

Elizabeth Hines, of the former Cohan operettas, *The O'Brien Girl* and *Little Nellie Kelly*. The prima donna heart-pirate adopts still another alias and works havoc in the plot and audience of *Marjorie*

HITS OF THE MONTH

Players Who Have Given Performances of Unusual Distinction in the Season's New Offerings

Mimes of the Microphone

Will the Radio-Broadcasting of Plays Create a New Art in Invisible Drama?

By LAWTON MACKALL

A NEW form of dramatic art has been created by the broadcasting of plays over the radio. As yet it is an imperfect art, but one with possibilities. Its newness, its present limitations, its very defects, make the radio-drama a subject of stimulating interest.

When the motion-picture play was first developed there was the tradition of pantomime to go by. For years actors had been trained in the art of interpreting comedy and passion without recourse to spoken words. The technique of gesture and pose is older than history. Players performing before the camera had but to adapt this pantomime lore to the special requirements of the film story; and scenario writers knew in a general way how a story could be told to the eye alone.

The experiences of ordinary life are largely visual; the chance episodes that one witnesses on the street, the conflicts, accidents, scuffles, chases and so on at which one is a curiosity-held bystander—these occur mainly as eye impressions. Hearing divorced from seeing is apt to create but a vague picture in the mind unless the speakers are well known.

THE VOICE THE THING

THIS was the problem which confronted the producers and performers of radio drama. The screen play is silent, but it is not wordless; it has subtitles setting forth explanations and bits of dialogue. The invisible play must remain strictly invisible; it can offer no pictures except to the hearer's imagination. It must ingeniously convey a layout of its stage set; it must present its characters so that they will register in the mind's eye and not be confused thereafter. It must conjure visions out of nothingness.

Undaunted by the difficulties of such an undertaking, various broadcasting stations have "staged" plays to audiences of over a million listeners-in. For example, WGY, conducted by the General Electric Company in Schenectady, has put on eighty-five full-length Broadway successes and short one-act pieces. Beginning in October, 1922, with a production of *The Wolf* by Eugene Walter, this station has offered a repertoire including such plays as *Icebound*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *The Fool*, *The Littlest Rebel*, *Rollo's Wild Oat*, *Here Comes the Bride*, *Grumpy*, *The Intimate Strangers*, *The Traveling Salesman*, *Pierre of the Plains*, *Cappy Ricks*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Country Fair*, *Daddy Longlegs*, *The Man of the Hour*, *The Hottentot*, *Three Live Ghosts*, *The Romantic Age*, *Strongheart*, *The Fortune Hunter* and *John Ferguson*.

These plays have been presented by a special stock company, organized under the

direction of Edward H. Smith, called The WGY Players. The actors were selected with regard to the distinctiveness of their voices, it being essential that there be contrasting timbres and pitches. On the stage of a theatre a young man who is clever at character work may make up as an old codger and give a convincing performance as a graybeard, but the microphone permits no physical disguise: the voice is the personality. Hence the rôle of an old man must be

have modified their methods accordingly. Thus they have learned by experiment that certain types of play are more satisfactory for broadcasting than other types which are sure-fire in the theatre. Quick-action farce, for example, is hard to follow by hearing alone. The rapid succession of artificial situations is too bewilderingly complex. The listener gets lost in the excitement. Another type which must be classed as unsuitable for present-day radio

use is the play in which an important character appears disguised as someone else and is not recognized by the other characters. His masquerade cannot be convincingly got across. If his voice remains the same, the hearer pictures him as looking the same; if his voice is artfully altered, the hearer does not know who he is. Hence Shakespeare's *Viola* and *Rosalind* fail as heroines of the ether. An ambitious presentation of *The Merchant of Venice* proved tedious because of the confusingly large cast. It was difficult to be certain who was supposed to be speaking. The same trouble was experienced with *The Fool*.

SMALL CASTS AND FULL DIALOGUE

IT would seem that the ideal type of play for broadcasting is a not-too-involved comedy or melodrama, with *dramatis personæ* numbering only five or six, and not one in which the crucial situation hinges on a visual surprise, as for example the falling of the knife in the last act of *The Thirteenth Chair* or the drop of blood on the sheriff's hand in *The Girl of the Golden West*. Even in small-cast

plays it is necessary to adapt the dialogue so as to give a fuller account of what is going on. Phrases such as "in this library" and "out here on the terrace" are interpolated in lieu of stage setting. The names of the persons addressed are constantly repeated. When the heroine re-enters after an absence she is greeted: "Where have you been, Alice?" Or, better still: "Why, Alice, have you been to your mother's and returned so quickly?"

The technical staff at WGY is especially ingenious in the use of sound devices for suggesting the "atmosphere" of the play. Thus the realistic rain effect in the last act of *The Fortune Hunter* was produced by rolling dried peas through a paper tube. The sensational forest fire in *The Storm* was produced by means of a plumber's gasoline blow-torch, the breaking of matchsticks and the crushing of paper—the torch simulating the roar of wind and flame, the matches and paper (brought close to the microphone) giving a vivid imitation of the crackling of burning trees.

(Continued on page 48)



Morris Rosenfeld

Even though the radio audience is an unseen one, Eva Taylor and Lawrence Grattan, of the Eveready Players (Station WEAH), make full use of gesture and facial expression

read by a voice with genuine age in it, and youth must have the fresh accents of youth. The greatest difficulty is in casting the women, as female voices are less easily distinguished from one another than male ones.

While radio audiences neither pay for the entertainment they receive nor respond with hand-clapping, they have one obliging habit: they write. It is not unusual for a performance to be rewarded with a thousand letters expressing praise and appreciation and offering suggestions. From these letters it is possible for the director to ascertain wherein his players have succeeded and wherein they have failed. In this respect he is better off than the average Broadway producer who, when a play proves a failure—especially if it be a play which the professional reviewers have favored—has no explanation of the public's indifference. He is vouchsafed no specific reasons. He only knows that after the first few nights people stay away.

Mr. Smith and his WGY Players, by means of these letters, have been able to know the exact results of their efforts and

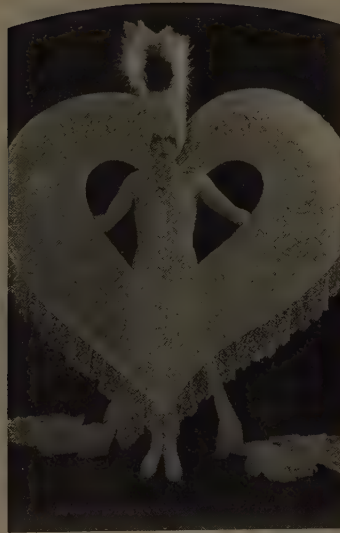
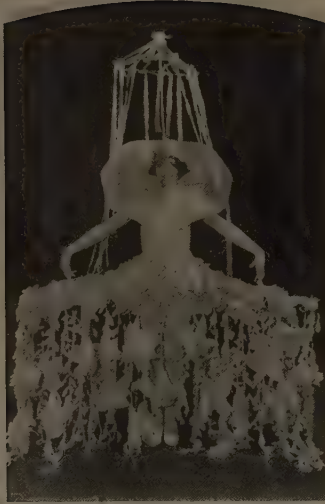


Maurice Goldberg

MARY ELLIS OF "ROSE MARIE"

*A Brilliantly Gifted and Unutterably Charming New Prima Donna
Has Captivated Broadway in the Delightful Hammerstein Musical Play*

Photos by
White, N. Y.



A trio of representative beauties, charming and decorative features of the show. From left to right, Rose Velour, Dorothy Bruce and Harriet Custine



(Below) James Barton, one of the theatre's truly great comedians and dancers, puts the nimble ponies through some lively paces



Olga Cook, sweet-voiced and winsome prima donna, came to prominence and the *Passing Show* through Gus Edwards' acts and her delightful *Blossom Time*



"THE PASSING SHOW" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Grace, Melody, Girls, Humor, and New Ideas Combine in a Gem of Entertainment



Olga Cook as Josephine, Allan Prior as Napoleon, in the brilliant first act finale. (Left) Bonna O'Dear, (right) Julia Barker—a pair of dainty and alluring candelabra

SHUBERTS' TRIUMPH OF REVUE ARTISTRY

"The Wedding of Napoleon"—a Lavish and Dazzling Scene from the New Offering

The Play That Is Talked About



White, N. Y.

Kittens: They thought I had gone and Jerry was making love to her!

Dancing Mothers

Play in Four Acts by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding

DESPITE its frivolous title, "Dancing Mothers" has been recognized as the first of the new season's plays of serious dramatic significance. It was written in collaboration by Edgar Selwyn, a skilful theatrical craftsman, and Edmund Goulding, a well-known motion-picture scenarist. They have made light but clean incisions into the heart of their problem and have had the courage to retain its logical, though "unhappy," conclusion. The following condensation by Burr Cook is published by permission of the authors and the producer, Edgar Selwyn.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Booth Theatre)

Andrew	Lewis Waller
Mrs. Zola Massarene	Norma Mitchell
Ethel Westcourt	Mary Young
Catherine (Kittens) Westcourt	Helen Hayes
Kenneth Cobb	Michael Dawn
Hugh Westcourt	Henry Stephenson
A Young Woman	Alison Bradshaw
A Young Man	Edward Brooks
McGuire	Adin Wilson
Blondy	Joan Cockram
Irma Raymond	Elsie Lawson
Charley	Rodolfo Badaloni
Mrs. Barnes	Grace Burgess
Escort	Alven Dexter
Second Waiter	Albert Marsh
Mr. Williams	George Harcourt
Gerald Naughton	John Halliday
Second Young Man	Hugh Brooke
Second Young Woman	Ella Peroff
Clarence Houston	Timothy Thomas
Davis	Arthur Metcalfe

"THE woman sacrifices her youth to be a wife and mother, and just when she has reached the age when her duties have ended and life lies before her, you say it is over—the Divine Will commands her to resign all thoughts of further living. That's fair—that's very just—isn't it?"

Ethel Westcourt has reached that precarious period in her life. A well-known actress before her marriage, she is still a beautiful woman, though bound to the habits of twenty years of domesticity. Even so, she might be content to "vegetate" into a pleasant old age

were it not for two compelling irritations. To begin with, her husband is philandering, indulging those belated masculine vanities which are the result of a too-closely confined middle age. And her daughter, Kittens—that strange, reckless young lady of "advanced" expressions—is evidently stepping from innocent improprieties to the verge of a serious moral fracture.

ACT I. The Westcourt home, Westbury, L. I.
WESTCOURT: My dear girl, I don't say it is either fair or just, but your quarrel is not with me—it is with nature. The woman of forty becomes the high priestess of her sex. Really, Ethel, I don't know what to make of you. You never acted like this before. It's this Massarene woman who has influenced you.
ETHEL: Oh, blame it on poor Massy if you like—it doesn't really matter. You say I have my home, but I haven't. I have a daughter, but I haven't. You would make me believe that I have you, but you know that I haven't.
KITTENS (coming down the stairs): Ready, Daddy? (*Kissing Ethel on the cheek*). Good night, Buddy dear, and don't worry. I'm really going to the rehearsal. Good-bye. (*She goes out, left.*)

WESTCOURT (turns as he is going out): Now, remember what I said. Take things easily. Everything will come out all right. (*He stops to kiss her cheek and exits quickly, left. After a moment Ethel rises and goes to the telephone.*)
ETHEL: Westbury, 238 J. Yes, please. Hello,

I want to speak to Mrs. Massarene. Mrs. Westcourt—thank you.

MARIE: Did you send for me, madam?

ETHEL: Yes. Put out some evening things. I'm going out.

MARIE: Will you be late, madam?

ETHEL: I don't know. Don't wait up for me. (*In phone.*) Hello, that you, Zola? Can you come over right away? No, Hugh is gone. They've both gone back to town. Oh, but I'm not going to be alone. I've decided to go out—with you, dear. I haven't time to explain. Come over as soon as you can. Good-bye. (*She puts down the phone, crosses to the table and recklessly picks up a cigarette and strikes a match just as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II. Later that evening Hugh Westcourt is seated with a tall, daring blonde at a table in one of Broadway's fashionable cabarets. Irma, the lady of the sawdust locks, seems to be slightly provoked with her escort. They are presently joined by Jerry Naughton, a suave, pale-faced young man, who greets Irma with a nonchalant familiarity.

WESTCOURT: Where is my daughter Catherine?
JERRY: What makes you think she is with me?
WESTCOURT: She came to town to visit friends and they haven't seen her, so I naturally inferred she must be with you.

JERRY: Well, as a matter of fact, she is, but I didn't know she was supposed to be visiting friends. She's in the ladies' room, powdering her nose.

WESTCOURT: See here, Naughton, I don't want you to see my girl again.

JERRY: Why not?

WESTCOURT: It's giving her mother a great deal of anxiety.

JERRY: I'm afraid you haven't a very high opinion of me.

WESTCOURT: No, I haven't.

JERRY: Well, if it comes to that, you don't rate 100 per cent. with me. (*Glances at Irma.*) I sometimes find it difficult to think of you as being Kittens' father.

WESTCOURT: Let me assure you that I am.

JERRY: I'll take your word for it.

WESTCOURT: Then I have your promise that you will not see her again?

JERRY: Certainly. She means nothing to me—nothing at all.

Kittens soon joins the party, and after receiving a gentle rebuke from her father, is hustled, protesting, from the scene. Westcourt and Kittens have barely disappeared when Mrs. Massarene, Ethel and a youth named Clarence enter the cabaret and take seats at a center table. Ethel Westcourt is beautifully gowned, her hair marcelled and she looks exceedingly attractive. Clarence and Mrs. Massarene presently get up to dance and Ethel is left alone at the table. Her glance encounters Jerry Naughton's, and the latter—Irma having left to telephone—rises and approaches her table.

JERRY: Haven't you ever seen people and thought suddenly to yourself, "I must know them"? Well, that's how I felt when you came in a little while ago. You don't think me cheeky for saying that, do you?

ETHEL: I do not know what to think.

JERRY: After all, I know the people you're with. Mrs. Massarene is an old friend of mine. She comes here quite often, but I don't recall having seen you before. You're not an American, are you?

ETHEL: What makes you think I'm not?

JERRY: The way you look and act and the delightful intonation of your speech. French—decidedly French.

ETHEL (*laughingly*): You're clever, m'sieu . . . JERRY: My name is Naughton. When Mrs. Massarene comes back, let's say we've met somewhere. Come on, be a sport. It will be a good joke.

ETHEL: But why should I lie?

JERRY: Because I like you and I think you like me.

ETHEL: You are sure of yourself, aren't you? JERRY (*as the others enter from the dance hall*): Here they come now. Tell me your name, please. Mrs. Massarene is sure to introduce us, anyhow.

ETHEL (*slowly*): De Bresac—Yvonne de Bresac.

Although Mrs. Massarene is surprised at the situation, she sees that her friend Ethel is "acting" and allows the masquerade to go on. Jerry invites Ethel to dance and later escorts her to a secluded table, where he divulges his confidences in an alarmingly frank manner—his views of women and life. Ethel, aware that she has made a conquest with the very man who is imperiling her daughter's future, enters blithely into the rôle she has assigned herself and ends up by making a dinner engagement for the following night. As she is about to return to her own table, Hugh Westcourt enters. WESTCOURT (*approaching the table where Mrs. Massarene and the others are seated, to Ethel*): Don't you think you might have mentioned the fact that you were coming in town this evening?

ETHEL: I didn't decide to come until after you and Kittens had gone. I'm just beginning to understand how attractive all this is and why you and Catherine were so seldom at home.

WESTCOURT: I have no doubt that Mrs. Massarene is a very able tutor, but I think you've had quite enough of it for one evening.

ETHEL: I'm sorry, Hughie, but I promised Massy to spend a few days with her in town, so you'd better not wait for me. Besides, I have an important dinner engagement for tomorrow evening with a charming man I met here to-night.

WESTCOURT: Are you coming with me or not?

ETHEL: I'm sorry if it offends you, but I'm not. You see, I have never interfered with your life or your pleasure, and it isn't fair of you to interfere with mine.

WESTCOURT: Has it occurred to you that I



Henry Stephenson and Helen Hayes as Westcourt and his daughter, Kittens

may have something to say about your return?

ETHEL: Whatever you say will make very little difference in my plans.

WESTCOURT: Very well then, but understand this, unless you return with me now—immediately—you need not return at all.

ETHEL (*smiling*): Really? Are we ready, Massy? Come along then.

WESTCOURT: Where are you going?

ETHEL: I told you, Hughie, I'm staying in town for a few days.

WESTCOURT: Ethel!

ETHEL: Good night. (*Westcourt stands dumfounded and watches them pass through the door.*)

ACT III. By the end of a week affairs have progressed in an alarming fashion. Kittens' infatuation for Jerry Naughton has, in spite of her father's disapproval, rather increased than diminished. She has forced her way past Davis, the butler, and finds herself in Jerry's apartment, alone with a cocktail shaker, which she immediately proceeds to operate. Well on the road to a delectable "bun," she is interrupted by the appearance of Irma and the two exchange condolences. Evidently the entry of the "French dame" into the lists has made them partners in adversity. At length, as Jerry's steps sound in the hall, Irma advises Kittens to retire to the other room, "to

sober up," while she greets the harassed sheik. IRMA: Jerry, how far are you going with this French dame? She just phoned while you were out.

JERRY: Why pick on her? You're very objectionable sometimes.

IRMA: But never without cause, lord of my being. Listen to me. I understand you as no one else does or ever will, and I've never before put up a squawk about any other woman. But this time you've gone too far.

JERRY: You're not in love with me, Irma. You just think you are. We're just good pals; that's all we've ever been to each other. That's why I don't mind telling you that this woman you are talking about is the only one I've ever been on the level with in all my life.

IRMA (*tensely*): You are in love with her, then?

JERRY: I'm afraid so.

IRMA: And you won't cut her out?

JERRY: I can't; it's gone too far.

IRMA: All right—but don't blame me for what happens. (*Rises and crosses to door*). I'll queer you with her if it's the last thing I do.

JERRY: Run along now, Irma, and keep your date with old Westcourt. Tell him all about it; perhaps it will make you feel better.

IRMA: What I'll tell him will be nobody's business but yours. (*Exits.*)

Jerry next turns his attention to disposing of Kittens, but that young lady is terribly persistent. Finally, after much persuasion, he induces that young lady to depart by the back stairs, just as Davis enters to announce Madam de Bresac. Ethel enters. She allows Jerry to remove her wrap and glances curiously about the room.

ETHEL: Jerry, I want to talk to you quite seriously.

JERRY: Now what is this serious thing you have on your mind?

ETHEL: Before I tell you, I want to repeat an old question. Was the Westcourt child here? Somebody told me that she had come up here to see you.

JERRY: I'll be honest with you. I found her here when I got home. She had been mixing cocktails, but I finally managed to get rid of her.

ETHEL (*with relieved sigh*): It would make you very angry to know that this is the last time we meet?

JERRY: Nothing would make me angry with you. But you don't seem to realize that I am in love with you.

ETHEL: I don't want you to love me. I have deceived you. I am not French but American. I am also married, Jerry; have been married a great many years, and I have a child—almost a woman.

JERRY (*pause*): Why are you telling me this? Do you love your husband?

ETHEL: I thought I did.

JERRY: Exactly! You thought you did, but you don't. That's why you've told me all this. Your conscience wouldn't let you deceive me when you realized you were beginning to care.

In the midst of this scene Kittens bursts into the room from the bedroom. Ethel turns her back, but is finally forced to face her daughter. KITTENS: Oh, my God!

ETHEL (*to Jerry*): This happens to be my child. KITTENS: Our Buddy—so prim and proper. Couldn't even understand her daughter wanting a cocktail. You lectured me for knowing Jerry (*Continued on page 50*)

C · I · N · E · M · A

Pola at Her Best—Messalina—Jackie's "Robinson Crusoe"—The Movie Merton

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

TO those who have followed the phenomenal development of the cinema from the indistinct and feebly animated pictures of a few years past to the smooth and elaborate films of the present day, the critical problem becomes not only increasingly absorbing but increasingly difficult. At no time in history has so large a proportion of the public wealth been devoted exclusively to the purposes of entertainment. In America particularly the capitalization of the industry has passed all reckoning; the competition has grown wasteful to the point of fanaticism; and there is apparently no end to the expenditures. The "movie" is now a national institution, perhaps the leading national pastime; and whether you like it or not, it is a condition that cannot be ignored.

It is customary for the opponents of this form of amusement to dismiss the pictures contemptuously and to howl in occasional rage against the wantonness of the producers, the stupidity of the scripts and the foolish antics of the actors.

Most dramatic critics maintain that no progress has been made, that the movie has so debauched the public taste that no picture beyond the comprehension of a ten-year-old child has any chance of survival, and that the legitimate stage has been undermined by a species of extravagant hokum. With these remarks they believe that they have discharged their duty toward the films, and retire to their own field to be bored to death by a spoken play filled with equally witless situations, and to abuse both author and actors with cackling epigrams. Certainly this attitude will not get us anywhere.

I find that Bernard Shaw has not been too busy or too biased to approach the subject in a more tolerant spirit. Naturally, as a dramatist of ideas rather than of emotions, he sees little in the films that would increase his reputation or his bank account. His dictum that "the colossal proportions make mediocrity compulsory" has a good deal of truth in it, as has his remark that "the movie play is reeking with morality, but dares not touch virtue."

But the second observation is equally applicable to the stage which is, one might say, reeking with immorality and touches virtue but once in a generation.

On the other hand, Sir James Barrie has discovered in the motion picture a decidedly sympathetic medium. He has in his country house a completely equipped projection room, and is giving much of his time to the screen as a potential factor in the production of fairy-tales, dramas with supernatural characters and fantastic backgrounds of various natures.

POLA NEGRI comes into her own in *Lily of the Dust*, the artful but unnecessary disguise under which Sudermann's

Song of Songs bridges the gap from novel to celluloid. All credit is due to Paul Bern, who has made an intelligent and comprehensive scenario, and to Dimitri Buchowetzki, who brings a fine Continental flavor to this dramatic story.

Lily is no stuffed puppet, responding to the manipulations of an arbitrary director and the imbecilities of a stereotyped scenario writer. She is a creature of flesh and



Another stage star captured by First National. Doris Kenyon, who will soon be seen in *Born Rich*

blood, something worthy of Pola's mettle—a human and lovable being.

Paul Bern must in the nature of things be largely responsible for this. Faced with the predicament of having to consider a censor board and yet retain something of Sudermann's conflict of emotions, he has not fallen back on the hackneyed method of keeping his heroine virtuous at any cost. But logically and sensibly he shows how circumstance robbed Lily of her chance of great happiness and the inevitable compromise which follows.

Buchowetzki has provided some unforgettable touches. The scenes with the gallant officers in their playtime, care-free, irresponsible and gay, are delightful and humorous; in fact, there are many bits of humor throughout the picture that relieve it of its solemnity.

Those who wish to see Miss Negri in her best American picture should not miss *Lily of the Dust*. Her acting is of the

highest caliber—her emotional scenes are probably the finest ever portrayed on the screen. They are skilfully blended with the happiness and hopefulness of youth which combine to make a genuinely colorful and memorable performance.

F. B. O. is going to great lengths in an effort to arouse interest in its latest importation, *Messalina*. In addition to ascribing her machinations to a "mad vampire," the producers are disseminating descriptive matter about "the greatest of love stories and the greatest of spectacles merged into one—a stupendous drama of utterly staggering scope and grandeur." Let this be your warning! The picture is as clumsily and as obviously devised as the advertising placards. Made in Italy, the groupings have none of the classic simplicity that could have been derived from a few glimpses of the works of old masters; the sirens are of the two-hundred-pound variety, and the acting evolves itself into a conglomeration of frenzied gesticulations and hasty exits.

Enrico Guazzoni wrote the story and directed it, and while he manifestly took a great deal of time and trouble in ransacking the archives of toga lore, he can in no wise be said to have made a worthy successor to his earlier effort, *Quo Vadis?* which first won him attention.

The Countess Rina de Liguori, whose beauty and fascination are claimed as the pivot of mad jealousies, felonious assaults, much conniving and bloodshed, leaves the audience cold, and, together with her sausage-like headdresses and her lack of histrionic ability she helps to preserve the undistinguished spirit of *Messalina*.

KING VIDOR, despite his usual skill and taste in the presentation of photoplays, has failed to endow *The Wine of Youth* with any sparkle. It is flat and stale and of a mediocre vintage.

As a matter of fact the final scenes of the picture showing Mary the Third's mother and father indulging in a prolonged family squabble are as crude a piece of direction as the screen can boast of, and we all know that crudity and motion pictures are by no means strangers to each other.

Doubtless Rachel Crothers could enter a motion-picture theatre and sit through *Wine of Youth* without recognizing it as her erstwhile play, *Mary the Third*, for with its new title and the unintelligent work both of the scenario writer and the director, the photoplay has little relation either to the original play or to good entertainment.

Eleanor Boardman has some fine moments, but the director persists in making her so overwhelmingly conspicuous that



Kenneth Alexander

BETTY BRONSON: THE PICTURE PETER PAN

Selected by Sir James M. Barrie, Himself, the Radiant Youth and Witching Charm of This Trenton Screen Novice of Seventeen Will Be Featured in the Great Herbert Brenon Production

she loses many of her best effects by constant repetition. The brightest spot in the picture is Gertrude Claire's Granny, a delightful bit.

IN considering *Passion's Pathway*, let the title be your guide. It should be a sufficient deterrent. Estelle Taylor demonstrates once again that she can be uniformly uninteresting, for we must admit to her credit that since she made her debut with Fox some years ago she has never wavered from her dull and inconspicuous course.

Willard Mack has succeeded in writing a story which will have the mouths of all Jackie Coogan's boy-and-girl followers watering with envy. It is *Little Robinson Crusoe*, a picture which will delight the young.

Jackie is the hero of the *Sara Witch*, and when shipwrecked on a cannibal island with his feline companion, Man Friday, his adventures make Defoe's imaginings pallid in comparison.

But the great conspiracy to make Jackie overact is still rampant and will doubtless continue to be so until some intelligent director realizes that the boy's talents represent something more than the ability to heave and sob in the emotional manner and allows young Jackie his modicum of repose.

IF you are partial to the wrecked-on-a-desert-island motif with variations on the cannibal theme and the white-god climax, you will doubtless find pleasure in *Sinners in Heaven*, for it is good of its kind.

This is an adaptation of a novel by Clive Arden, and while the story is inconsequential, as is to be expected from its genre, Alan Crosland has done right by the tale. The natives, bent on securing vengeance from the intruders, attain a sufficient degree of ferocity. The locale is eminently romantic, and the two lovers stranded on an unknown isle, far from the haunts of white men, wear their abbreviated garments with the necessary degree of interest and decorum.

Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels share the plight of all young things doomed to occupy a deserted cabin far from the clergy's kindly blessing, and the vicissitudes of their turbulent life among the aborigines arouses a love that only a tardy aeroplane and the final close-up can bring to a happy ending.

Dix, whose popularity continues to grow as his delineations of clean, young throbbing manhood increase, registers the necessary vigor and dauntlessness, and Bebe Daniels is alluring as his companion. Her work continues to show marked improvement, and at present she shows every indication of developing into the serious young actress she aspires to be.

Montague Love is an apt choice for the ferocious native chief, as those who are familiar with his portrayal of the genus wild man can testify. Holmes Herbert, Betty Hilburn, Effie Shannon and Florence Billings are well cast for their respective parts.

OPEN ALL NIGHT is a photoplay suggested by the stories of Paul Morand, developed into film form by

Willis Goldbeck, and it serves also to mark the debut of a new director, Paul Bern, of scenario fame.

An expertly selected cast helps to make this picture palatable, but it moves at a lazy, irritating pace and is marred with obscurities. There isn't quite enough of anything to make an interesting story, but there is too much of everybody. Mr. Bern demonstrates taste and aptitude in many ways, but his tempo is too halting—the scenes are too long drawn out and thus he kills all there is of dramatic suspense in situations that to have any interest at all need to be what is colloquially known as "snappy."



Anna May Wong essays her first "vamp" rôle in the film of the Belasco-De Mille play, *Lord Chumley*, which Paul Iribe and Frank Urson are transferring to the screen

He has, however, caught and sustained a mood which, together with an unmistakable flair for bits of local color, make us look forward to his efforts in the future.

The cast is composed of Viola Dana, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Maurice B. Flynn, Jetta Goudal and Gale Henry.

Flynn, the erstwhile "Lefty" of athletic prowess, does beyond all doubt his best work for the screen as the French bicycle racer, "the Caruso of the pedal," whose brute force wins him the admiration of the women and the envy of their husbands. Flynn has shown that he really can act, and as the swarthy, egotistical idol of the bicycle racing fans, he is admirable. Menjou is the suave and imperturbable Duverne to the life, and Griffith distinguishes himself once again as the genial tipster possessed of qualities that will out-sheik Valentino. Jetta Goudal, an arresting young actress is, as usual effective, but she is almost too studied and self-conscious to be entirely convincing. Still, she is unques-

tionably the most interesting of the newcomers, and her distinct individuality is a genuine relief in a naughty world of beautiful if inane countenances.

MERTON has succeeded in giving the public something "better and finer," and even the severest critic, whoever he may be, will find enjoyment in the motion-picture version of *Merton of the Movies*, adapted by Walter Woods from Harry Leon Wilson's story and the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.

As on the stage, Glenn Hunter is the portrayer of Merton's youthful ambitions and heartaches, and while one naturally misses the refreshing dialogue and Merton's wistful, pathetic voice, the general characterization has been retained intact with all its endearing qualities of the dogged but lovable boob.

James Cruze is responsible for the constructive ability and the faithfulness with which Merton has been transferred to the screen. It is not as screamingly funny as the Kaufman-Connelly play, but it is rollicking entertainment. Viola Dana does very well as Sally Montague, one of her best performances in recent films, and Ethel Wales stands out in a small part. The picture is uniformly excellent and can be highly recommended to anyone who wants to be convinced that comedies do not "debase a noble art."

J. STUART BLACKTON has wiped out his numerous sins perpetrated in the name of cinema art by his production of *The Clean Heart*, based upon the story of A. S. M. Hutchinson. It is difficult to reconcile this beautiful bit of direction with its deft character drawing, its repression and an unmistakable dramatic quality with the triteness and banalities of the recent results from Blackton's studio efforts. Here is no tedious employment of "types," no theatrical tricks, no hokum devices, but the simple recital of the adventure of a young egotist, an English author madened by the pressure of London life, determined selfishly and ruthlessly to follow his own desires and to indulge his every caprice. First his friend, the kindly, rollicking Puddlebox, then the girl who loves him, are sacrificed to his self-indulgence. His egotism brooks no interference. He is imperious, rebellious, determined to erect a monument to self, only to find that he is the most miserable and the most unbalanced of men. It takes tragedy in all its grimness to rout out the canker he has fostered.

Percy Marmont once again portrays the struggle of a young man emerging triumphant from his misery, and he gives one of those rarely restrained performances which his motion-picture contemporaries with their chewing-up-the-scenery propensities would do well to emulate. Otis Harlan is the amiable Puddlebox, who gives up his life for his friend, and he is delightful. Marguerite de la Motte is the care-free young country girl whose guiles and charm captivate the disillusioned young author.



Rudolph Valentino in a romantic moment from *A Sainted Devil*, his second and last Paramount picture



Laurette Taylor as she is seen in the film version of her stage success, *One Night in Rome*



A glimpse of Enid Bennett in *The Red Lily*, by Anatole France, directed by Fred Niblo



Gloria Swanson in the Allan Dwan production, *Her Love Story*, a Mary Roberts Rinehart tale

STARS WHO SHINE ON THE SCREEN

Glimpses of Popular Players as They Will Be Seen in Their New Photodramas

The Conductors Are Upon Us—The Search for the Great American Opera

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE conductors are upon us. They are upon us not in platoons or even companies, but in regiments, brigades. They will make New York musical or know the reason why. Never in history will there have been so many readings of Beethoven symphonies or Strauss tone poems as the present season will bring forth. There will be fiery readings and quiet readings, complicated readings and simple readings, sane and dull readings, delirious and delightful readings. All tastes will be satisfied, including sometimes those of the composer. Here is a list of these centaurs of the baton who are to appear in the metropolis during the season which has just opened—and the list is by no means yet complete.

THE Philharmonic Society gives us Willem Mengelberg, Willem van Hoogstraten, Igor Stravinsky, Wilhelm Furtwangler and Henry Hadley—two Dutchmen, a Russian, a German and an American. The New York Symphony follows with Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter and Vladimir Golschmann—a German-born American, a German and a Frenchman. Josef Stransky will of course preside over the concerts of the State Symphony. Mr. Stransky is a Czecho-Slovak. The Philharmonic children's concerts will be interpreted by Ernest Schelling, who, like Mr. Hadley, is an American. Chalmers Clifton, also an American, will guide the artistic destinies of the American Orchestral Society, and another American, Howard Barlow, will do the same for the American National Orchestra. The Sunday Symphony Concerts will have in the conductor's stand Josiah Zuro, a Russian. The Metropolitan Opera House will furnish Artur Bodansky, a Hungarian, who will also pilot the fashionable concerts of the Friends of Music; Tullio Serafin, the new Italian first conductor; Genaro Papi, also an Italian, and Louis Hasselmanns, a Belgian.

BUT these are only the regular New York conductors—the provinces will also add their tribute. Boston and its famous orchestra comes with Serge Koussevitzky, its new prima donna of the baton. Mr. Koussevitzky is a Russian. Leopold Stokowski, an Englishman whose father was a Pole, will appear with the band from Philadelphia. From Cleveland will come Nikolai Sokoloff and from Detroit, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, both of whom are Russians, while Henri Verbrugghen, a Dutchman, will arrive with his Minneapolis Orchestra. In addition, though he is not yet announced, it seems altogether probable that Albert Coates, who like Mr. Stokowski is an Englishman, will come to us for at least one concert with the new Rochester

Philharmonic. The international music palate surely ought to tingle! The conductor's score at present stands: Russians, 5; Americans, 4; Dutchmen, 3; Germans, 3; Italians, 2; French, 1; Belgian, 1; Hungarian, 1; Czecho-Slovak, 1.

IT is all very stimulating and better than the League of Nations—only—and here the Devil's Advocate will pop in his horned head—will it make for a national music



THAMAR KARSAVINA

The famous Russian dancer, who was first promised to American audiences fourteen years ago, is at last positively going to dance before us

art or just for musical confusion? If the average concert-goer really knew anything about conducting, if he were able to tell without visual aid whether Mr. Mengelberg or Mr. Stokowski was at any given concert wielding the baton, this might become a serious question. Luckily, his own ignorance saves him, and perhaps with him our musical future. If he really knew what he was swallowing he would probably succumb to musical indigestion, but his ignorance acts as a purgative, and he finishes the season much as he begins it.

It is said that in Europe the art of music is in its decadence. The European knows too much, has experienced too much. He is tired and is amusing himself with technical recombinations of the culture of the past. We in America are happier. Our ignorance makes our minds a blank page on which a national genius will have ample space to write. Meanwhile we can listen unharmed to the polyglot readings of these twenty-one international conductors!

CHICAGO is again making culture hum. The American Opera Society of that city has just published a list of ninety-nine operas by sixty composers which it declares are suited for production by companies seeking to give works in English. In addition the Chicago Society announces that through its efforts six operas by native composers are to be given this season in different American cities. These operas are Charles Wakefield Cadman's *Shanewis*, John Adam Hugo's *The Temple Dancer*, Henry Hadley's *Bianca*, Francesco De Leone's *Algala*, Ralph Lyford's *Castle Agramant* and Frank Long's *The Echo*. Good luck to the American Opera Society—and yet—

The search for the American operatic genius has been a long and so far a sterile one. I for one don't believe he will arrive via librettos based on Indian fables. The Indian is just about as American as the inhabitant of Tibet. When the real American operatic genius arrives, he is much more likely to take a leaf from Charpentier's *Louise* and find his inspiration either in a comedy or a tragedy of our daily life—more likely the former than the latter. The man who can set such a work as the Kaufmann-Connelly *Beggar on Horseback* to appropriate music will be doing more for American opera than a thousand attempts at Sioux Indians or Oriental religions, neither of which we understand or ever will understand.

I HAVE said that the first American opera will probably be a comedy rather than a tragedy, because though American life may be a tragedy, we Americans don't yet know it. Moreover, there is no indication that we are going to know it for the next century at least. Despite Mr. Volstead, we are bent on proving that this is the best of all possible continents. Our one real dramatist, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, doesn't believe this, and this may serve as an argument for the upholders of tragedy. But Mr. O'Neill is unique, just as Poe and Hawthorne were unique. They were not in the great current of American life, and neither is Mr. O'Neill. The American laughs, not that he may not weep, but because he sees life as a huge joke to be riotously enjoyed. Our national genius in the theatre is expressed not by Mr. Walter Hampden or Mr. John Barrymore, but by Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin. Our first great composer is more likely to be an Offenbach than a Wagner.

THAMAR KARSAVINA is at last to dance before us. She should have danced here when she was first announced—fourteen years ago. At that time it would have been a battle royal between her

(Continued on page 56)



RUTH BRETON
Youngest and fairest of the pupils of Leopold Auer, this young American girl makes her New York debut early this Winter



CLAIRE DUX
Her rich voice and temperament are the product of the combined strains of many races

Stanford

Loftett



Sasha

WILHELM BACHAUS,
whose superb technique is the servant and not the master of his poetic interpretations



EDUARD VON ZATHWRICZKY,
a young Bohemian violinist who, triumphing in his native land, now sighs for more worlds to conquer



ALFRED PICCAVER
Once a humble chorus-man at the Metropolitan, he is returning to America as one of the two chief lyric tenors of the Chicago Opera Company

THE DOORS OF THE MUSIC WORLD SWING OPEN

Youth and Experience Both Stand Ready on the Threshold of the New Season



CATHERINE
CALVERT,

stage beauty, now head-
lines in a one-act drama,
The Last Banquet



Cecil, London

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE,
the famous beauty of the
stage and screen, returns
from several triumphant
seasons in London to ap-
pear in a one-act comedy-
drama by S. Jay Kaufman



Ira Hill

DOLORES
CASSINELLI,
the star of the movies,
enters vaudeville as a
prima donna single



De Guildre, Chicago

RUTH DRAPER,
the distinguished diseuse and dra-
matic recitalist, has been lured to
the halls from the concert stage



© Gregory, London

PAULINE LORD
In *For Five Thousand Dollars* the
dramatic actress contributes her
fine talent to vaudeville

THE DRAMA IN THE HALLS

Stars of Stage, Screen and Concert Shine in the Head-line Heavens of the Two-a-day

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

Farewell to Some More Comics—The Three-Ring Hippodrome—New Acts

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

A BEDECKED parade of five-fifty revues flourishes past the jaded Broadway reviewing-stand, every season longer, with one or two new monumental stage-hands' beauty contestants riding conspicuously like the queen of a baby carnival, at the head. And year after year Broadway yawns politely, murmurs "Aw-



fully nice spangles, really!" and awaits the thrill—

"CONSTANTINE AND CONSTANTINE—Justa Coupla Laughs—" fresh, and how! from the alfalfa regions of the five shows daily!

The self-confessed laughs walk off with the show.

Pretty soon the whack on the trick trousers becomes Art. The clip on the jaw becomes, translated into terms of ribaldry, a profound symbol of man's congenital impulse to kill funny friends. And Constantine and Constantine employ their quaint eating-tactics at the Algonquin with all the charming *savoir faire* with which they high-hatted the house detectives at the Hotel Felix-the-Cats on the wrong side of Seventh Avenue. Until one day, turning to the front of this journal, you will observe the impressive maps of Constantine and Constantine rising soulfully, Duse-like, above the fancy vests—in a full-page camera portrait by Maurice Goldberg, himself, of "the great comedy sensation of *The Giggles of 1902*."

After seventeen years of "layin' 'em out in the aisles" of the Little Gem continuous vaudeville houses, the boys are discovered to be the very incarnation of what the public wants. And the great Broadway five-fifty revues would be sorry fiascos without this staunch support of the sub-structure from fifty-five-cent entertainment.

Mention any revue star and trace a history which circumvents the stage of the Palace Theatre. The Marx tribe, Patricia, Cook, Gallagher and Shean. Hussy, Brice, Holtz, Barton.

Will Mahoney was "discovered" in this year's *Scandals*, Miller and Mack in *Vani-*

ties, Moran and Mack in the *Greenwich Village Follies*, Eddie Conrad in the *Ritz Revue*.

But vaudeville's gifts are limitless. The trick suits, the slap-sticks and the bladders, the sidewalk wise-crackers in one, are amaranthine. New comedy sensations eclipse the old. And still the glorious productions batten on the foolishness of the halls, in which hoke springs eternal.

THE Hippodrome opens this year and a program asking no quarter of the sophisticates includes some acts which by the wholly ingenuous simplicity of their appeal, the frank and honest entertainment for children and Saturday matinees, approach and conquer the goal of high amusement. Here we have no further attempts to elaborate vaudeville song and dance routines into Max Reinhart spectacles; no disciplining of azure sidewalk gags into merry quirps for the little ones. Nor do the highly moral walking-home-from-motor-ride pleasantries drag their weary ways before the olio. Something of circus marvels and foolery are there, and the old Hippodrome made more music hall than vaudeville. Many of the acts have seen service on the Keith and Orpheum time. Some have not.

THERE is Orville Harrold, the operatic tenor, in a delightful program with his daughter Patti, light-opera prima donna and a notable successor to Edith Day as impersonator of the famous gown-loving Irene. The roguish and sweet-voiced soprano sings the popular Alice-blue aria and on troupes the Allan Foster pony ballet in unbecoming blue dresses, anything but Alice. Why, Mr. Foster alone knows. His stepping maidens have been retained from the Hip's maiden season, and being neither Ziegfeldian in looks nor Tillerian in talents, mean little. Especially little do they mean to Miss Harrold, who-trills her lyric way through the number in engaging saucy disregard of them. A love duet between the father and daughter is charming. The entire act is. Furthermore, that charm is supplemented by brilliant talent and a sagely chosen program.



THE Foster ballet has more competition in a band of aureate damsels who support bewitchingly the Belasco-Puccini concept of why sailors leave home. These subtly alluring, vest-pocket size yellow dance-gals appear with a Japanese sorceress and are her cutest tricks. She has

also some fairly interesting conjuring ones which she performs with amusing Oriental finesse and a gorgeous, lavishly sleeved kimono.

THEN there are The Briants, lately Keith Circuit stars and a feature of the

Greenwich Village Follies, the most lovable and grotesque of pantomimic gymnasts. These are the shabby gentlemen who enact in a spirit of tense and desperate tragedy the dream of a tired, tired moving man. You recall the horrible intensity of the one's futile efforts to plant the other in some attitude from which in sheer weariness he will not tumble on his head. The marvelous gradual insidious collapse of the legs! The terrifying lush bump of the head upon the asphalt! The gripping decline of the pitiful slave inside the baggy apparel into one shapeless Totoesque heap of fatigue! Here is drama no "sketch" can approach and artistry as real as that of a Chaliapin. The Briants are the Hippodrome's new Joe Jackson.



THIEVES and Pullman porters are the vaudeville *élite*. The porters in lyrics always make women look silly; and thieves in sketches always convert Burns, Dougherty and Val O'Farrell into super-gooofs. Never having seen a Pullman porter who inspired me to bite, or observed a gentleman crook with a gold-headed walking-stick in which was concealed *THE PEARLS*, engage in dazzling repartee with a district attorney, the waves of their adventures break over my consciousness, leaving me unmoved. But in reporting their movements through the halls, Mr. H. B. Warner, as one London Larry, a slick and high-toned safe-breaker, seemed the most irresistible and amusing of the rogues to date.

Here was the smartest thief in the world invited at tea-time to the office of the ferocious D. A. to be framed by a skirt. There is an emerald in the case, and what an emerald! But London Larry, 100-per-cent. American despite the *nom de guerre*, is too smart for them. He walks away with not only the emerald but the evidence—a box of his favorite, characteristic, special-blend cigars. A connoisseur to the death and a bland, sly and charming misappropriator of property.



Photo, Goldberg

THE TRAMP IN "THE HAUNTED HOUSE"

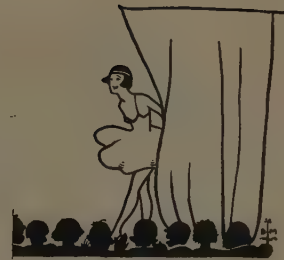
Keen and Slyly Humorous, John Irwin, Ex-Pugilist, is an Utterly Charming Hobo in the Owen Davis Mystery Farce



Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside
of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



DAVE BELASCO pulled another new one on the natives this season. After keeping the world up in the air guessing as to his plans, he announced *Tiger Cats* as his first production. Then came ROBERT LORAIN and KATHARINE CORNELL as the featured players. Then came the tryout, which consisted of one week at Ford's Theatre in Baltimore. This shortest of tryout periods was followed by the jump into New York, which may be indicative of the faith which D. B. had in his current attraction.

Speaking of D. B., it is said that *Harem*, a play by M. ERNST VAJDA, will be the JUDITH ANDERSON vehicle this season. *Harem* is described as being one of those naughty-naughty-papa-spunk plays and ideally suited to the *Cobra* lady's peculiar talents.

SARI FEDAK, wife of FERENC MOLNAR, isn't going to play in her husband's *Antonia* in this country. GILBERT MILLER, who will produce the play for the House of Frohman, is authority for the statement. Instead, Fedak is now touring America with a native Hungarian repertoire company and playing the cities with large Hungarian populations. In her own land she is a star of first magnitude. She played in New York last year and was barely noticed. That was the fault of the critics, however, and not of Fedak, for she is generally accounted as a superb technician and a finished actress.

LEW LESLIE, who is associated with A. H. WOODS in the *Dixie to Broadway* production featuring FLORENCE MILLS, was formerly a cabaret producer at the Plantation. Because FLORENCE MILLS played there he is interested in the new production, which has been a "mop-up" on the road.

The stories current about CHANNING POLLOCK'S new play, *The Enemy*, are the simon-pure bunk. Pollock is now in Europe and hasn't even started work on it, so naturally it won't be produced for some time yet.

With the advent of so many vaudeville actors into the Friars' Club, the story is rampant that E. F. ALBEE, head of the Keith Circuit, is going to buy it to end the opposition to his pet N. V. A.

Little Jessie James, which ran in New York for a solid year on the strength of its famous "I Love You" song, but which in all that time never figured as a leader as far as real money taken in went, is now one of the outstanding successes on the road this season. In Boston recently the piece did more than eight weeks of \$16,000 at the Wilbur, a figure which meant much profit, as it is a cheap musical comedy in so far as operating expenses go.

CHARLES K. HARRIS, who wrote "After the Ball" and became famous on it, has another song up his sleeve for release this winter—one of the first he has written in a long while. It isn't named, but it has a real swing and looks like a success. He has also taken time to write his memoirs of the music-publishing business, which was centered, in the days of his novitiate, in Fourteenth Street. And in addition he has invented a pinocle deck-holder, designed to make dealing easier for the Lambs' Club and the world in general.



Spring Cleaning, accounted a rousing hit in New York last year, is now on a road tour. On one of its early stands about \$5,000 was spent in advertising before the show opened for its first week. That week grossed \$7,000, of which the show's share was considerably less. (The layman must understand that theatres and the shows divide the receipts on a fixed-



percentage basis.) And there were expensive salaries to be paid and railroad fares. Which gives some idea of the enormous amount of money which can be dropped in a brief period with an attraction that is off its business-getting form.

It may be of little consequence, but the portraits of the stars hanging in the Empire Theatre are, with but one exception, portraits of stars not under the Frohman management. They were at one time, of course, but OTIS SKINNER is now working for RUSSELL JANNEY, ETHEL BARRYMORE is under the ARTHUR HOPKINS management, DORIS KEANE is on the Pacific Coast doing stock, BILLIE BURKE is in her husband's new production, *Annie*, while LIONEL BARRYMORE, IRENE FENWICK and DAVID WARFIELD are under the wing of DAVID BELASCO. Only INA CLAIRE works for the FROHMANS.

Two of the current successes, *The Haunted House* and *The Best People*, illustrate anew how a show with an audience appeal will get over despite adverse notices from the newspaper critics. *The Best People*, a Frohman production at the Lyceum, was pretty generally panned by the Algonquin reviewers, while *The Haunted House* drew but lukewarm notices. That didn't matter. Business, which was slow at first, gradually picked up to the breaking point between failure and success.



An instance of where a Broadway hit of first water does a complete flop out of town is *The Outsider*. This play of last season opened its tour in Boston recently and drew less than \$5,000 on its first week and about \$8,000 for the second. The bookers said that the show was "spotted" too early in the season.

Much mystery surrounded SOPHIE TUCKER'S withdrawal from EARL CARROLL'S *Vanities*. When that singer of "hot" songs stepped into the show surprise was expressed. When that same singer of "hot" songs, weight unannounced, was the center of a stage picture which held 100 beautiful girls (and SOPHIE TUCKER) the murmur of surprise grew to a chorus. Then a week later Sophie quit the show. What she did was to tear up a \$1,500 weekly run-of-play contract, iron-clad and everything else, because she was dissatisfied with her own work. EARL CARROLL couldn't have fired her, and because of that Sophie's gentle gesture is all the more gracious.

The autobiographies of the stage stars, which seem to be the rage now, aren't selling so rapidly to the newspapers over the land. GEORGE M. COHAN'S life story, which the *Chicago Tribune* is peddling, comes too high, according to the Sunday-feature editors, while they also say that it all comes under the head of publicity. They aren't so sure that Cohan isn't planning a return to the stage and can't see why they should pay money to make him even more famous than he is at present.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, the most aristocratic as well as the most picturesque of individuals on the concert stage, is the most democratic man in the world in the privacy of his own home. He has had a butler for a great many years, and when the statesman-pianist happens to be a man short at a bridge game the servant is asked to lay aside his butling and take a hand.

The indefatigable S. JAY KAUFMAN was a busy man at Russek's opening in their new palatial home on Fifth Avenue, helping BIJOU FERNANDEZ, the hostess, to receive the members of the profession. Her official title is "The Lady of Taste." Jay expressed his view, "Why Go to Paris?" which was immediately grabbed by Russek as their slogan.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

Photos, Eric Stahlberg

(Above) The Church Scene was effective, set in the dimly lighted arch of the skeleton set, which was used throughout the play

(Right) Scene in Leonato's house, with Mary Elizabeth Mackey as Ursula, Maida Rae as Margaret, Josephine Stranahan as Hero, Catharine Cullinan as Antonio, Evelyn Fruchtmann as Beatrice and Dorothy Braley as Leonato

(Below) Bower scene in the Smith College Senior production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, with Josephine Stranahan as Hero, Lois Wilde as a page and Mary Elizabeth Mackey as Ursula



Eleanor Smith, a dashing Claudio



A SMITH COLLEGE PRODUCTION OF *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*, STAGED WITH A SKELETON SET DESIGNED BY LIVINGSTON PLATT

Presenting Plays Under Difficulties

Principles of Choosing Plays for High Schools With Meager Equipment

By CLARENCE STRATTON,
Author of "Producing in Little Theatres"

IF every school in the country were equipped with an adequate stage, the problem of selecting plays would be very much simplified. But as long as school auditoriums are designed with music shells upon the stages and with narrow shelves—really lecture platforms—which must serve for the presentation of plays, directors will continually be at their wits' ends for dramas and for means to produce them. If the sponsor of school plays had adequate stage space, adaptable equipment and free choice of performers, all his problems would be almost solved, but he would miss the delight of triumphing over adverse conditions and offering beautiful entertainments. He would, likewise, miss the thrill which comes from creating something from practically nothing.

The chief difficulties of the directors of school plays may be listed as follows: He must raise money for some such purpose as the purchase of athletic uniforms. This aim means that his production will be judged by financial standards rather than by dramatic or artistic standards. Second, he must "work in" all the members of the graduating class or the dramatic society. A frequent plea from a harassed teacher is, "Please recommend for our graduating class a play with thirteen female parts and one male. Our one boy graduate is tall and awkward." To supply some of the demands, one should have to write graduating plays to order. The third difficulty is the stage scenery—or lack of it. The fourth difficulty is (often) the kind of audience, often not very sophisticated; in some districts of this extensive and differing country of ours, not theatre-trained in any sense. The fifth difficulty is the pupils from whom the actors must be chosen. Other difficulties are no lighting facilities, lack of space for shifting scenery, ugly scenery built many years ago, fire laws, curtains that fail to work at performances, perhaps even a not-too-sympathetic attitude among the authorities.

HOW EDUCATIONAL AND PRODUCTION DRAMATICS DIFFER

THE director will aid himself toward a solution of several of his difficulties if he differentiates at the beginning between educational dramatics and production dramatics. In the first of these the training of the pupils is everything, the actual presentation of the play is virtually nothing. In fact, there may be no presentation. Educational dramatics has a place in our scheme of education, but it must be recognized for what it is. In production dramatics, the training value to the pupils is a purely secondary and subordinate thing. The reason such dramatic activity is started is that a play may be presented before some audience. The requirements which the anticipation of that audience forces upon the rehearsing are entirely

This is the second of a series of constructive and informative articles concerning Play Production in High Schools, which will be published monthly in THEATRE MAGAZINE

different from the requirements of educational dramatics. It is true that educational dramatics may merge into production dramatics. The attempt to force them to coalesce is responsible for the boring effect of many performances by schools of acting. The director of school plays who sees his educational dramatics developing into production dramatics is fortunate. He must never, however, mistake his hope for reality. The pupil who is not becoming a good enough performer for a general audience should be replaced immediately.

THE RIGHT CHOICE OF PLAYS

AS the choice of play in educational dramatics is guided by entirely different standards from the choice for production, there is no necessity for considering now the first kind of dramatics. It is the choice of play for production that gives most trouble. Other directors' programs and series through a school year will help somewhat, but his own choices of plays depend upon applying to the conditions in his own school certain principles underlying a fair certainty of anticipated success. For it is an axiom of dramatic production that a properly selected play is a success even before the first rehearsal is held. In order to illustrate concretely, you have a stage with low ceiling, permanent plaster walls and little space for shifting scenery. Would you be wise in selecting *Barbara Frietchie*, the great scene of which depends on the flag-waving from a second-story window? Or *Prunella*, with an upper window and ladder-climbing episode? Or *The Princess Who Wouldn't Die*, with its six different sets of scenery? Because the best actress in the class can impersonate the shrewish but common-sensed wife in Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, you have decided upon that. But she fails to keep up in her studies, and the "office" forbids her taking part. Shall you persist in your choice of play, or glancing about and discovering that the next best actress is a dainty little girl, suddenly substitute *Fanny and the Servant Problem*? You are directed to provide parts for everyone in the class. Shall you gaze through play catalogs until you find the drama for exactly your number of boys and girls, or shall you introduce the novelty of several one-acts, and so provide rôles for all the graduates? I have just sat through a performance in which parts were provided for forty pupils—thirty-three girls, seven boys—with not

satisfactory results. One boy played an old man quite acceptably, another played an old man not at all well; the result was incongruity throughout the entire performance.

If pupils themselves are allowed to choose their plays, another element of difficulty appears. All pupils like to act, but many like to act rather definite things. Knowing practically nothing of drama, they are influenced by subtle or blatant details of contemporary life. They like to act in modern society plays in which the boys can wear what they call "Tux" suits and the girls evening dresses. We cannot blame them for not turning at once to the beautiful or even the picturesque in drama—they do not know it. In fairness to them, however, it must be said that once they have been shown the unusual, the artistic or the colorful in plays, and have been convinced that it is dramatically effective, they can be led subsequently to accept choices of similar plays made for them by more matured readers of dramas. It is rather difficult to explain to them why they are likely to fail with realistic plays of contemporary life. It is easier to enact a character far removed from ordinary life than one slightly different, and make the rôle impressive. A boy can make Dromio in *A Comedy of Errors* more interesting to an audience than a business man in such a play as *The Lion and the Mouse*. A girl can be Mrs. Malaprop more easily and effectively than the strike leader's wife in *Strife*. One of the first considerations of choice, then, must be this of deciding between realistic contemporaneity and let us call it picturesqueness. The following plays will interest directors who wish to lead their pupil charges into the beautiful and fanciful: *Antigone* by Sophocles, *Arraignement of Paris* by Peele, *The Chinese Lantern* by Housman, *The Doctor in Spite of Himself* by Molière, *The Gods of the Mountain* by Dunsany, *The Harlequinade* by Calthrop and Barker, *If I Were King* by McCarthy, *Quality Street* by Barrie, *The Romancers* by Rostand, *Wap-pin' Wharf* by Brooks. Not all of these may be suitable for your needs or possible upon your stage, but they will suggest elements of spectacular appeal not to be disregarded in working with growing boys and girls.

MAKING THE MOST OF AN INADEQUATE STAGE

ANOTHER thing to be considered is the size and practicableness of the stage. The chief trouble is in changing scenery. The wise thing to do is to choose plays which require little or no changing, or to devise scenery which can be easily and quickly changed. Long waits are more disastrous in amateur performances than in professional. There is a responsibility to

(Continued on page 74)



Oedipus Rex of Sophocles, presented at night in a setting of impressive beauty at Stanford University, California, under the joint direction of Gordon Craig, of Stanford University, and Evalyn Thomas, of the University of California, Southern Branch

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

GREEK DRAMA AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

DURING the summer quarter at Stanford University, the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles was given a night performance on the steps of the Museum, before a distinguished audience which included Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

For two hours and a half the audience sat spellbound—tremendously moved—and the success of the production has so enthused Gordon Craig, Director of Dramatics at Stanford, that he plans an annual revival of Greek drama at Stanford.

At the invitation of Mr. Craig, Miss Evalyn Thomas, Director of Dramatics at the University of California, joined him as associate director of *Oedipus*, her splendid work contributing in a large measure to the success of the production. Miss Thomas has worked with Gilbert Murray in England and her annual productions of Greek drama at the University of California have become a tradition there. This is the first time in the history of Stanford that plays were given during the summer session, the program including *Oedipus Rex*, *The Dover Road* and *Icebound*.

THE PROMOTION OF RURAL DRAMATICS

RECOGNIZING the need for better plays for the rural community, the Pennsylvania State Grange has given the subject a very important place in its pro-

gram of training the subordinate grange lecturers of the State. Pennsylvania has approximately 875 of these organizations in the rural districts, and during the month of August the first Leadership Training Conference was held at Center Hall, Pa., on the site of an encampment which provided grounds, tents, mess hall, auditorium and other buildings.

Representatives from all over the State met here and for one week were given intensive training in recreational activities. One project was the preparation, staging, costuming and presentation of three one-act plays, *The Knave of Hearts*, *Trifles* and *Overtones*. The work in dramatics was under the direction of W. R. Gordon of the Department of Rural Sociology of Penn State College.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING AT SMITH COLLEGE

FOLLOWING a tradition of Shakespearean performances more than a quarter of a century old, the Class of 1924 gave a beautifully staged production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, under the direction of Professor Lizbeth Laughton of the Class of Spoken English. Livingston Platt, of New York, designed and supervised the setting of special scenery and lighting. The courtyard of Leonato's house, in part, closed in by simple arches

and rich, gold-colored hangings, was open at the center back to a vivid blue Italian sky; the street before Dogberry's house was a simple silhouette of dark buildings against a greenish sky, and the prison, to which a single shaft of light entered by a barred window, were triumphs of effect wrought with the most economical of materials.

THE WHARF PLAYERS

FOR the final bill of the season, The Wharf Players of Provincetown gave a program of three plays, *Words* by Adolph Risenbourg, *The Dummy Hand* by Mary Reynolds and *Woman's Honor* by Susan Glaspell.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASPIRING PLAYWRIGHTS

WITH part of the fortune which he made with *Lightnin'*, *The First Year* and *Seventh Heaven*, John Golden, the well-known Broadway producer, will devote one hundred thousand dollars to an open prize competition for three American plays to which he guarantees production as well as advance royalty of two thousand, one thousand and five hundred dollars respectively. Tragedies, musical works and sex plays are not eligible to the contest.

For full information regarding the contest, which closes December 1, 1924, write to John Golden, 139 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

The Promenades of Angelina

FANNY came back from Europe on the Paris last week, and we've been together the greater part of every day since, and babbled our heads off . . . She has of course been telling me what "they" are wearing and doing on the other side, and I've been comparing how far in line with "them" we are . . .

She brought me several of the Normandy patchwork things which I so adore for my room . . . a boudoir pillow, a nightgown and a handkerchief case set . . . Perhaps you don't know this work under the name of Normandy patchwork, but I know you've seen it . . . It's the lace combined with hand embroidery on net that is, and has been, so popular for some time for all the dainty fripperies connected with the boudoir, especially for bed or *chaise longue* pillows . . . Fanny says the Normandy peasant women love to sit in the sun in their little villages and gossip and work on this exquisite patching together of lace and embroidery . . . All the New York shops, specialty and department stores both, carry this work, but they do charge you a price for it, Fanny says . . .

"Don't you suppose we could find some place where it wasn't quite so dear?" she asked. "I'd like to buy one or two more bits for Christmas presents."

I bethought me of a little shop that I had heard of, and suggested we make it a visit . . . We were rewarded . . . There were lovely pillows . . . heart-shaped, round, oblong . . . handkerchief cases . . . nightgown cases . . . little pincushions all of the Normandy patchwork . . . And all of these appreciably lower in price than any I had seen . . . really far below the average . . . quite bargains . . .

Fanny discovered in the same place also some fascinating Czech tablecloths, with sets of napkins, which she said were likewise of extraordinary reasonableness . . . Tablecloths with color are so smart for breakfast and lunch just now, we agreed . . . There were certain tablecloths in white with a mosaic tile effect, woven on hand looms . . . a plain mosaic pattern, or what one calls a "swan" design . . . These came in blue, in orchid, in gold, or green . . . for oblong tables with a dozen napkins . . . in the square size with six . . .

My mind having been started along the path of "linens" some marvelous towels caught my eye in a window as I walked up Fifth Avenue . . . I went inside the shop to look at them further and learned that they too were of Czech origin . . . Of white imported Turkish toweling, they had two-inch-wide bands of the gayest flower pattern woven in at either end, and colored hems, the shades a blending of red and purple and rose and green . . . Quite indescribably lovely . . . just that . . . and *très, très chic* . . . There were face cloths to match, with a bouquet of the flowers in one corner, and in another could be added a monogram . . . And if one wished to call

it a day and make it a set, a flowered bath mat with colored borders could be added . . . Think what a charming touch to the guest room such a set would be . . .

Leaving linens and taking up the all important subject of what to wear, Fanny says that as to shoes you should stock at least one pair of alligator or lizard skin . . . You remember in the last number what I told you of the shoes the Dolly Sisters brought over . . . I found some stunning pumps of brown alligator skin, with a charming cut to the top of the vamp . . . To please all comers they were to be had with a high or a medium heel . . . very reasonable too . . . This shop was featuring a darling patent leather pump with flat heel, a perforated border and a pert small bow . . .

That small bow to tie one's slippers is a revival of the season . . . Marion Coakley is wearing in *The Werewolf* a charming pair of "bowed" slippers in grey satin . . . and Justine Johnston has slippers with bows for her own personal use . . . For evening I saw at this same shop some extremely smart slippers in black velvet with either gold kid, or more sober black satin, trimming . . . All the shoes there, incidentally, are of the nicest cut and make and really most remarkable . . .

The "nighties" that Fanny brought back from Paris were most amusing . . . Just about as "different from the home life of our dear Queen" as could be imagined . . . To be smart in "nighties" to-day one

must have them as much like simple little frocks of crêpe de Chine as possible . . . sleeveless, with bateau necklines, patch pockets, sashes, and a bit of hem-stitching or embroidery . . . Fanny found at a very smart shop on Fifty-seventh Street (New York's Rue de la Paix) a lingerie collection resembling that of the real Rue de la Paix . . . "Nighties" and some maddeningly lovely step-ins in Ninon, like dolls' dresses . . . of peach with blue, of white and rose, and white and Nile . . . The latter a model that had been specially designed for Gloria Swanson . . . All delightfully indecent, as we told Tubby and Father later . . . "But who wants to be decent nowadays?" they remarked as one man with cynical accord.



Beth Beri, starring in *Kid Boots*, wearing a charming frock of red crêpe, embroidered in lovely yellows and black. From Bergdorf Goodman

SHOES of THE DAY

By
JEANNE HALL

ROMANCE, another name for shoes, ever since gallant Sir Walter Raleigh spread his jeweled cape for a pair of the daintiest feet that e'er trod a kingdom . . . to tread upon . . . and on through the ages, to one memorable day in August, 1924, with the arrival of the Prince of Wales and Romance on American soil, wearing cocoa-colored suede oxfords.

And romantic indeed is the problem today of choosing one's shoes, what with the variety of graceful cuts, colors and combinations of beautiful leathers from which to make a selection.

With the short skirt as a permanent fashion note for Autumn and Winter, the appropriate shoe becomes a rather interesting item in the schedule of the well-dressed woman. To-day is the *Pedic Day* of Judgment, with no shielding hem to hide a multitude of defects on an otherwise shapely foot and ankle. Therefore, to lighten her task, we are presenting to the more fastidious woman a few styles selected to guide her good taste and practical inclination in this paramount question . . . what is the correct shoe of the day, and where may she find it? And if she be very discriminating, she will don the costume to be matched when shopping for her shoes.

The shops abound with alluring possibilities in shoes for sport, afternoon and evening wear. Nearly every kind of per-

fect leather known has come into play this season, including buckskin, Norwegian and Russian calf for sport; alligator, patent leather and soft kid prevail in the new shades of brown, marigold, cocoa, fawn and all black for afternoon wear. Suede in black and the lighter shades of brown finds great popularity in the semi-dressy shoe, with some models for street wear. Satin and velvet are the favored slippers for light afternoon "at home" and informal evening occasions. The satin particularly in the new tone of Titian blonde, very popular in an opera pump model. Suede also leads in afternoon styles. Then for evening, a dazzling variety of slippers in gold and silver kid, the favorite leather of the season. Brocades still compete, in floral or conventional patterns in tempting color combinations, becoming real works of art when boasting buckles and heels studded with brilliants or rhinestones. (See display on next page.) Without a doubt, the coming Winter marks an epoch in the history of shoes . . . veritable masterpieces in a kaleidoscopic field

Miss Isobel Withers, of *The Haunted House*, wears these walking shoes of black leather, with black suede border. From the Shoecraft Shop

(Below) Black suede, with enamel buckle in gold and green. The heel is of black kid. A good shoe for afternoon, with open-throat design and closed sides for protection

Black suede dress oxford, with Spanish heel and silk laces. Comes also in patent leather, and is especially designed to give that much-desired slender line to the foot. From the Pedemode Shop

shoe is copied from one recently adopted on the famous St. Andrews golf course in Scotland. Lacing high up over the instep, under a slashed leather tongue, the American adaptation for street wear features this model with perforated trimming and an extension sole for support and comfort in wearing.

A decided trend toward simplicity in the newer designs for sport and street wear is evident with the modification of the open or slashed designs of the past few seasons. One need no longer fear walking through wintry winds in a décolleté slipper, but may enjoy the assurance of protected instep and stout soles . . . at last. However, if accustomed to the open, low-cut type of shoe, the one pictured in group below is a model with the happy compromise of the old with the new last. In patent leather, one-inch flat heel with perforated beading around collar and vamp, this style features the vogue of the silk bow in addition to a graceful cut for one who would combine comfort and beauty. Bows were much in evidence at the Meadowbrook polo games



An extremely smart afternoon slipper in brown velvet, with graceful rosette to match in center of ankle strap. This model can be had in black and brown satin or suede from Carcion Manfre

The "Kiltee," a new sport shoe model inspired by the vogue of Scotch plaid this season. Comes in brown suede and kid combination. Also in all black suede and patent leather. From the Shoecraft Shop



The "Polo" shoe, popular at the recent Meadowbrook polo matches, with a smart silk bow tying across instep in tan silk to match the combination tan and patent leather design of the shoe.

From Carcion Manfre



A popular walking pump of patent leather perforated around collar and vamp, with a one-inch flat heel. A somewhat "collegiate" style from the Peacock Shoe Shop



Street shoe of brown doeskin, with moderate French heel and perforated trimming. The three instep straps of brown tissue, leather-covered elastics, lend an interesting effect of shirred ribbon to this very dainty model

this Fall, a fact already of vast influence in shoe fashions. The oxford has this season again come into its own, somewhat adapted for formal wear. This favored prodigal is pictured at left of top group, in black suede with silk laces (page 44).

Ankle and instep straps continue to hold sway in the new styles for nearly all occasions, these usually fastening with a smoked pearl button, although some very smart models show a preference for metal buckles, particularly where the strap is wide. (Right top, page 44.) The open-throat design and black kid heel make this shoe an ideal one for afternoon street wear. Another very smart model for semi-tailored wear is one of brown doeskin, with spike heel and three brown tissue-leather covered elastic straps over the instep, producing a shirred ribbon effect which is quite interesting. (See picture at top of column.)

The subject of shoe decoration this season embraces many variations of the bow, ribbon cockade and rosette, with as many kinds of buckles in enamel and rhinestones, as well as heels featuring most elaborate motifs done in gold, silver and semi-precious stones . . . in numerous colors. A very dainty conception of the rosette is pictured (lower left, page 44) in maroon brown velvet; of the same material as the slipper, with a Spanish heel. This is an unusually good-looking model, made of the softest quality silk velvet, and on the foot gives a piquant note to a pretty ankle, especially if worn with a velvet frock to match. This slipper comes in blonde and black satin as well. Another extremely original design in the rosette for "intime" tea slipper is one carried in one of the smart shops along the Avenue. It is made of fine French imported metal thread in pastel shades of lavender, rose and king's blue, twisted into

flowers and combined with lace. The *tout ensemble* of this fan-shaped ornament adds a touch of daintiness most out of the ordinary and is well suited to be worn with the season's opera pump.

Having scanned the subject of street and afternoon shoes, we now come to the most enchanting spot in Shoe Land . . . the evening slipper, as it is now and will be . . . seen this Winter. Surpassing any dream of Cinderella, Milady of to-day stands glorified on the threshold of the ballroom . . . her pretty little feet encased in the most precious of silver and gold brocades and silk-like kids, flashing diamond-studded heels. Then the richness of her buckles . . . of gems and rhinestones. Small ones, ingeniously made to slip over the ankle-strap and to be adjusted where caprice dictates, either at the side, concealing a pearl button, or in the center of the strap. Then come the very large buckles, in classic designs, combining pearls and semi-precious stones. One in particular is pointed out (shown in the display below), of rhinestones with a lalique crystal center. A very unique design, to be used to best advantage on a plain black satin opera pump with French heel.



Rhinestone and gem-studded heels in elaborate designs are the newest note in evening slipper decoration. From I. Miller

A marked preference for the use of velvet in afternoon and evening gowns this coming season is largely responsible for the elaborate character of some new models in brocaded evening slippers. Perhaps a lack of trimming on the gown, other than an occasional cluster of rhinestones secured at the side, thus allowing beauty of color and quality of material to stand out, has inspired a play for conspicuous contrast in the slipper for this season.

For the all-black velvet gown, for instance, there is a soft, silk-like all-over silver or gold kid ankle-strap slipper, with possibly a tiny rhinestone buckle placed at the side, as mentioned above, and which effect is shown in the display below. Elegance and simplicity of taste is further indicated in an opera pump model of this same leather, with a single row of rhinestones outlining vamp and instep. This is a very new idea, charmingly brought out



That alligator skin is still much in demand is evidenced in this street pump, with Spanish heel and narrow ankle strap. It has the low cut for style, with strong leather sole for durability. From the Shoecraft Shop

by one of New York's leading shoe stores. It is carried out also with sparkling emeralds, sapphires or amber stones to harmonize with the gown.

The silver or gold brocaded slipper, in various designs, is meeting with equal success. Some striking models are being shown in highly colored floral motifs, and some with the more conventional shades cleverly applied. One brocade slipper, in particular, is hand dyed to order, in any color or colors desired, to go with the evening frock. The colors are traced on the design by hand on both vamp and heel, to blend in contrasting effects. The slipper is beautifully finished with heel and pipings of silver or gold kid.

Speaking of heels this season, one has but to wander into any of the smart shops to find, jealously guarded within the showcase, a glittering row of separate heels, fantastically encrusted with gems—and in some instances with semi-precious stones—worked out in intricate patterns.

We have pictured here some very attractive examples of the season's fancy heels. For the patent leather pump there is the heel with rhinestone motif worked in gold or silver on a black enamel background (second from right in group), to add a touch of daintiness to a black panne frock. Or to enhance the beauty of a wine-color velvet gown there is a gold kid slipper, with tiny French heel of rubies splashed on a solid background of detailed gold beads. (See heel at extreme right.) The silver heel, with peacock design in emeralds and rhinestones, pictured at left of the same group, would add a touch of dignity to the fern-green velvet creation.

And last but not least . . . the stocking. A very important subject if the shoe would fulfill its mission of grace. An indispensable ally, and in spite of the "no-stocking-

The silver or gold kid strap slipper has a small rhinestone buckle which slips over the strap, to be placed either at the side, concealing the button, or in the center. Buckles combine pearls and rhinestones in exclusive designs for formal evening wear. From I. Miller.

(In center) A touch of distinction is achieved with this graceful bow-knot of rhinestones which slips over the ankle strap, its ends falling loosely over instep. From I. Miller



at-all" vogue, . . it has evolved a new theory in the true meaning of its purpose . . to adorn far more than to protect the foot. For daytime wear with sport or

harmonize with touches of silver or the white brocades, haze is shown, with the faintest tones of lavender and blue suggested in the fawn-color hose. Indeed, a

Apropos of shoes, and what is required of them in this day of varied styles and materials, it is timely to say a word about those worn by Miss Hines, pictured on this page.

In the photograph at the left the shoes are of dark brown kid. To add a dainty tone to the very new, almost severe lines of the Kashmir frock, this shoe boasts a tiny bow at instep, fastening with an inch-wide ankle strap and pearl button to match the color of the shoe. To further carry out a graceful cut, at the same time retaining the advantage of comfort in this daytime shoe, the heels, not visible in the picture, are a modification of the French type.

In the lower picture, white satin was chosen to interpret a happy compromise of the dancing and formal evening slipper. It laces high up over instep with white satin ribbon, winding twice about the ankle, its tied ends tucked neatly out of sight. Its low heels and round toe line combine to give that feeling of ease and beauty so necessary in the dancing slipper of to-day . . or, in fact, in any age where feminine grace reigns supreme.



Miss Hines in her favorite tunic gown of grey Queen Anne satin, hand-blocked in this interesting design in Chinese red and black, embroidered in red crystal beads, enhanced with sprays of brilliants and finished on the tunic with grey squirrel. From J. M. Giddings, Inc.



Apeda Studio

Elisabeth Hines, of the delightful new musical comedy, *Marjorie*, wearing this ensemble costume of Kashmir Bloom in tan, the frock adorned with gold buttons and a generous use of mountain sable on the coat. A new feature of the Lewis hat of black satin ribbon is the design at pointed front and cockade at the side. Costume from J. M. Giddings, Inc.

street shoe, the stocking in popular shades of cocoa, dark brown and shaded steel grey looks well when worn with the heavier type of street or business shoe of Norwegian calfskin or buckskin. For lighter afternoon wear, we find a very large demand for the blonde, tanbark, melon, tortoise or nude shades. The hose of sheer quality continues to be the choice of the day, although fiber silk and all silk and wool mixtures have entered their usual common-sense field for Winter months. But for evening, all restraint is abandoned in the wide selection of tones especially blended for electric-light effect. For instance, for the gold kid slippers, as well as brocades, there is the Belgique shade, a mixture of pale yellow and flesh hues, and possessing a faint golden finish. And to

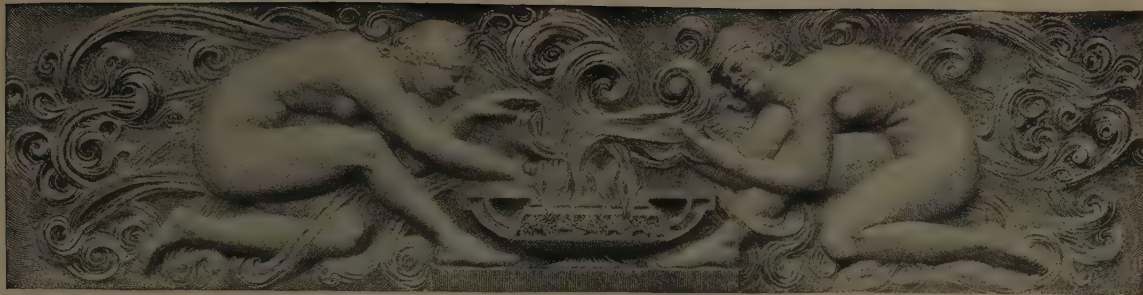
rather confusing variety of colors, if left only to the imagination. But when laid before the eye, each one becomes a most convincing reality in the shoe problem of the day.



(For further information on shoes pictured and mentioned in this article, address Fashion Editor, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



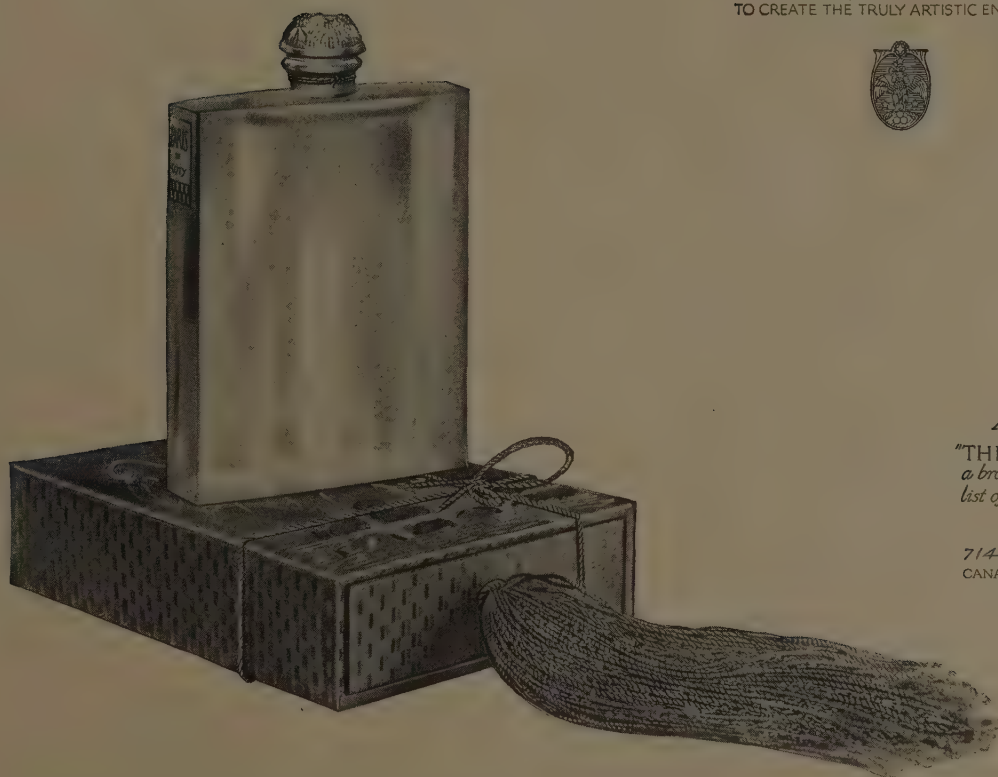
Apeda Studio



PARFUM "PARIS," DE COTY

*The fragrance of gaiety of
challenge and sweet audacity
it surrounds the woman of vital
temperament and joyous daring
moods with the perfumed express-
ion of her own personality.*

THE COTY PERFUME ODEUR, "PARIS" IS
ALSO OBTAINABLE IN THE EAU DE —
TOILETTE, THE FACE POWDER, COMPACTE,
TALC POWDER, SACHET AND BRILLANTINE
TO CREATE THE TRULY ARTISTIC ENSEMBLE.



Address "Dept. T. M. 11" for
"THE ART OF PERFUMING"
a brochure describing the complete
list of COTY products - on request

COTY INC.

714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave. Montreal

In flacons of 2 ounces, 1 ounce, 1/2 ounce and 1/4 ounce.



Confidence

The feeling of positive assurance means everything when buying Furs.

For fifty years people who are particular have bought A-JEK-L Furs with full confidence that they were getting the best to be obtained for whatever price they paid.

"It pays to buy where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively
 Fifth Ave. Between 35th & 36th Sts. New York

MIMES OF THE MICROPHONE

(Continued from page 24)

Two of the most frequently employed sound properties are the door-slam and the set of assorted bells, the latter providing the right ring-sounds for door-bells, telephones, clock chimes, ambulance gongs and fire or burglar alarms. The obvious sound is not always best suited for radio. For example, a pistol fired near the microphone is too strenuous a detonation, causing the instrument to "blast." So, instead, the shot is "fired" by popping a blown-up paper bag.

DRAMATIC FORM POPULAR

WHILE WGY with its policy of presenting a different play or group of short plays each week is the leading repertory theatre of the ether, various other stations have been successful in broadcasting plays and give promise of an increasing amount of effort in the direction of the drama. The number of letters elicited by even inadequate performances indicates that the radio public, tiring of programs made up of "talks" and familiar musical selections, is eager for entertainment in dramatic form. Hence one station after another is going in for play producing. KDKA in Pittsburgh and KGO in Oakland, California, are occasional purveyors of drama. So is WOR in Newark. WDAR in Philadelphia maintains a small stock company under the direction of Dora Shoemaker. Performances by The Eveready Players are broadcast by WEAf in New York City.

Another phase of dramatic broadcasting is the transmission of performances direct from the stages where they are being given. Two scarcely noticeable microphones, placed on either side of the proscenium arch, are the only indication to the audience that the show is being put on the air. In the case of plays this manner of broadcasting is as a rule rather unsatisfactory, because actors moving about a large stage without regard to the locations of the microphones, are heard unevenly by listeners-in; some lines are too loud, some scarcely "come through" at all. Musical comedies, however, have been transmitted quite successfully. Last season WJZ did *Lollipop*, *Mr. Battling Butler*, *Mary Jane McKane*, etc. When, a year ago, WEAf undertook to broadcast *Wildflower* by direct transmission from the theatre, the management challenged the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which conducts the station, to demonstrate that this broadcasting could profit the show in

any way. Afterward they acknowledged that at least three thousand people bought tickets to *Wildflower* as the result of hearing it on the radio.

Nevertheless, no matter how many performances in theatres are put on the air, the future of radio drama as an art lies in plays specially written or adapted for broadcasting and presented by expert microphone mimes. To encourage the writing of such plays Station WGY recently held a prize contest which brought forth three hundred manuscripts, twelve of which were accorded production. Now that the technique of writing "as if for the blind" is becoming more widely understood, it is to be hoped that soon we shall have many able radio dramatists.

Paul F. Stacy, who has made a thorough study of radio plays in the interests of Station WEAf, with which he is associated, is certain that this new art form will have a phenomenal development in the next ten years, but he considers that as yet it is merely on an interesting experimental basis. In Mr. Stacy's opinion, the best example of a radio drama thus far produced is one called *Danger*, written by a young English playwright, Richard Hughes, and presented at an English broadcasting station. This "thriller" is concerned with the experiences of several men and a woman trapped in a mine cave-in. Listeners were requested (in an introductory speech) to turn out all lights and sit in darkness. Heard in this way, *Danger* was a hair-raiser.

SMALL RETURN TO AUTHOR

THE one deterrent to the writing of first-rate plays for radio is the fact that the financial return to the author is absurdly small as compared with rewards to be won in the theatre. In fact, the present practice with regard to stage successes put on the air is to pay no royalty at all. Authors and managers have thus far acceded to this non-lucrative arrangement for the sake of the publicity, but eventually some fairer plan will have to be worked out whereby the radio audience will be compelled to pay at least a nominal fee. When the revenue is a worth-while one, our leading dramatists may be coaxed from Broadway to broadcasting. Till then the tuners-in will have to be content with adaptations of stage plays and the writings of clever amateurs.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Victor Herbert, who died so recently, was born in Ireland, but most of his life—and assuredly his music success—was spent in the United States. He was educated musically in Germany and was recognized as a composer of exceptional gifts. Mel-

ody flowed from his pen as water from a faucet. His *Panamericana* is a descriptive piece in which the Indian, Negro and Spanish elements are deftly presented and interwoven. And with what stunning spirit it is interpreted by the Capitol Grand Orchestra.

RACHMANINOFF PLAYS "THE TROIKA"



STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

It is true that Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, Hofmann—to name but a few of a long list of eminent pianists—have chosen the Steinway as the one perfect instrument. It is true that in the homes of literally thousands of singers, directors and musical celebrities, the Steinway is an integral part of the household. And it is equally true that the Steinway, superlatively fine as it is, comes well within the range of the moderate income and meets all the requirements of the modest home.

This instrument, which has won the frank, unstinted praise of the

masters since Wagner and Liszt, has been brought to perfection by four generations of the Steinway family.

*There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. * Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.*

Prices: \$875 and up

Plus transportation

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

They have consistently sold it at the lowest possible price. And they have given it to the public upon terms arranged so conveniently that the Steinway is within the reach of every true lover of music. It is within your reach. Numerous styles and sizes have been designed to suit *your* home. Each is a perfect embodiment of Steinway practices and ideals. And each waits only your touch upon the ivory keys to loose its matchless singing tone, to answer in glorious voice your quickening commands, to echo in lingering beauty or rushing splendor the genius of the great composers.

Goals reached... through coupons



Leisure. Independence. A steady income. Whatever your goal, gain it through investment in high-grade bonds. They keep your money working for you at a time when you are through working for it. We can recommend bonds at any of our offices in 50 leading cities. Write for our monthly list.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS

SHORT TERM NOTES

ACCEPTANCES

DANCING MOTHERS

(Continued from page 29)

Naughton—and all the time you wanted him for yourself.

ETHEL: Catherine!

KITTENS: You were acting all the time—with Daddy and me and everybody. It's born in you to pretend you're something you are not. Oh, my God, what a joke it is! (*She turns upstage with a sob.*)

Before Jerry can quite grasp the situation, Irma and Westcourt enter from the hall door.

WESTCOURT (*sees Ethel*): What in God's name are you doing here?

ETHEL: Isn't it rather obvious?

WESTCOURT: You mean you came here to get her?

KITTENS: No, she didn't even know I was here. They thought I had gone and Jerry was making love to her.

WESTCOURT (*with an effort*): You've been coming here to see this man? Are you in love with him?

ETHEL (*indicating Irma*): Are you in love with this woman?

Ethel's explanation that she had purposely led Jerry on, in order to protect her daughter, falls on deaf ears. Westcourt is enraged, particularly when Naughton declares that he is in love with Mrs. Westcourt, and Ethel blandly admits that he has told her so any number of times. Taking Kittens by the arm, Westcourt crosses to the door.

WESTCOURT (*to Ethel*): So far as I am concerned, you may consider yourself free from this moment. I will put nothing in the way of your separation or (*with scathing glance at Jerry*) your thrills. (*Exits.*)

ACT IV. A few days later Jerry is invited to the Westcourt home to discuss the situation that has arisen. Ethel has remained away from home and is planning to sail for Europe the following Saturday with Mrs. Massarene. Westcourt is heartbroken and contrite, but has been unable to meet or speak to his wife. Kittens, thoroughly disillusioned by Jerry's confession of love for her mother, has finally been tamed and is also tearfully anxious to see her mother again. The latter finally arrives, "to get some things she needs for the trip." Hughie meets her in the hall.

ETHEL: I don't think either of us left anything unsaid the last time we met.

WESTCOURT: We both said things we didn't mean. Nevertheless, one can't pile up responsibilities for twenty years and then get rid of them by merely getting on a boat. I want you to come back home where you belong.

ETHEL: Surely, you wouldn't have me come back after all that has happened.

What would your friends say? Where is your pride? Your self-respect?

WESTCOURT: Gone—I haven't an ounce of pride left. One can't go on loving the same woman for twenty years and not miss her when she leaves. Come back, Ethel. I shan't reproach you for what you've done. Come back and we'll both forget it and start all over. Don't you see how awful it is going to be without you, Ethel? Just Kittens and myself here—alone.

ETHEL: It was only a few short weeks ago that you and your daughter left me here to dine alone, nor did you consider then that I might have found my home empty without you.

WESTCOURT: I'm sorry for that, you know. But you belong here and you're going to stay here, if I have to use force.

She looks up at him eagerly, with lips parted. For a moment she has the wild longing that he will clasp her to his breast and cover her face with kisses, but Westcourt is not conscious of this and sees in her expression only defiance. Suddenly he allows his hold to relax and draws away, as, if ashamed of his conduct. Ethel looks at him a moment with a certain amount of disappointment and then pulls herself together and says simply:

ETHEL: I'm sorry, Hughie. I'll see if Andrew will help with my things.

As she is leaving, Ethel encounters Kittens, who adds her words of entreaty, but her mother quietly but firmly shakes her head. The door closes. The sound of a motor is heard, gradually dying away in the distance. Kittens turns to her father, slumped in a chair by the window.

KITTENS: I thought it was because of what I had done and said to her that night, but now I see she's just selfish. It's her own pleasure—her own happiness—that's all that counts with her.

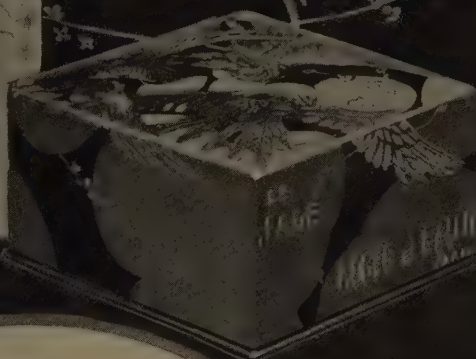
WESTCOURT: I wish you wouldn't say any more, Kittens.

KITTENS: We may as well face the truth, Daddy. Our Buddy has gone. Perhaps we could go somewhere ourselves and you'll forget all about her. (*Westcourt shakes his head.*) You don't know how much I love you, Daddy dear. Nobody will ever take your place with me.

They turn and face toward the window as they listen to the diminishing sound of the automobile, bearing their Buddy out of their lives—forever. As the sound dies away, they look at each other and suddenly Kittens lets her head fall in her father's lap and sobs convulsively.



LE JADE



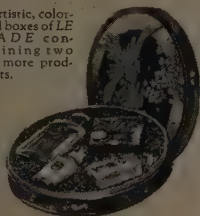
ART has never produced a more "precious" perfume than LE JADE. Nor has America ever extended to a Parisian fragrance a more genuine appreciation.

The fragrant story of *Fleurs d'Amour* is told in its name, "Flowers of Love"—the most lovely, and the best loved, perfume in the world.

LE JADE and *Fleurs d'Amour* come in all the most desirable toilet preparations—Extrait, Eau de Toilette, Savon, Poudre, Sachet, Talc, etc. For Sale by best dealers—everywhere. Also many other rare perfumes.

Combination Boxes for Christmas

Artistic, colorful boxes of LE JADE containing two or more products.



Fleurs d'Amour preparations are offered this season in combination boxes more beautiful than ever.



Ask your dealer to show you these—and other beautiful creations of ROGER & GALLET.

ROGER & GALLET

Parfumeurs • Paris

NEW YORK (NEW ADDRESS) 709 SIXTH AVENUE

"FASHIONS IN FRAGRANCE"
Roger & Gallet's new guide to Parisian Toilette Specialties, mailed on request.



Fleurs d'Amour

Stein & Blaine

A CREATIVE HOUSE



© Stein & Blaine

S. M. G. Stein & Blaine

"Opera"

A luxurious evening wrap—from
our extensive collection of furs.

FURRIERS — DRESSMAKERS — TAILORS

13 and 15 West 57th Street
New York

November—Twenty-Four Years Ago

SARAH BERNHARDT was playing the Duke de Reichstadt and Coquelin the rôle of Flambeau, in *L'Aiglon*, at the Garden Theatre.

Cecilia Loftus was starring in *The Man of Forty* at Daly's.

Mabel Taliaferro, Ada Dwyer and William Courtleigh were appearing in Joseph Arthur's drama, *Lost River*, at the Park Theatre in Boston.

Gertrude Elliott (Lady Johnston Forbes-Robertson) was playing Judith Anderson in *The Devil's Disciple*.

William Gillette was

appearing in *Sherlock Holmes* at the Harlem Opera-House.

At a benefit performance of *Ari zona*, at the Herald Square Theatre, De Wolf Hopper, James T. Powers and William Courtleigh appeared as cowboys.

Holbrook Blinn was playing in *The Battle of the Strong* in Louisville, Ky.

The première of *Florodora* occurred November 10 at the Casino, with Cyril Scott, Mabel Barrison, Willie Edouin, Daisy Greene and Edna Wallace Hopper in the cast.

Olga Nethersole was playing the title-rôle in a revival of *Sappho* at Wallack's.

Elsie de Wolfe was appearing in Clyde Fitch's comedy, *The Way of the World*, at the Victoria Theatre, supported by Clara Bloodgood and Frank Mills.

Beauty and the Beast, a pantomime, which Klaw & Erlanger brought from London, was having great success at the Broadway.

Charles Dalton was appearing in *The Helmet of Navarre*.

Blanche Bates was playing the title-rôle in *Mme. Butterfly* at the Grand Opera-House.

New England Folks, by Eugene W. Presbrey, was the attraction at the Fourteenth Street.

Virginia Harned was appearing in *Alice of Old Vincennes*.

John E. Kellard was starring in *The Cipher Code*.

Augustus Thomas' drama, *Colorado*, was in the bill at Wallack's.

Annie Russell was appearing in *A Royal Family* at the Lyceum.

Lilli Lehman was giving a song recital at Carnegie Hall.

Josef Hofmann was soloist at a Philharmonic concert.

E. M. Holland was playing the title-rôle in *Eben Holden*.

Grace George was appearing in *Under Southern Skies*, a drama in which Burr McIntosh played the part of a fire-eating colonel.

Foxy Quiller, libretto by Harry B. Smith and music by Reginald de Koven, was produced with James Sykes as star at the Broadway.

Blanche Walsh was appearing in *More Than Queen*.

The Mikado was heard at the Metropolitan Opera-House. *Pinafore* was given during Thanksgiving week.

Francis Wilson was appearing in *The Monks of Malabar* at the Harlem Opera-House.

Henrietta Crossman was starring in *Nell Gwyn* at the Savoy.

Sir John Hare, the distinguished English comedian, began an engagement at the Criterion Theatre, playing the title-rôle in Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quex*.

The Princess and the Butterfly was in the bill at the Murray Hill Theatre.

Marie Cahill was in the cast of *Star and Garter* at the Victoria.

James A. Herne's well-known play, *Sag-Harbor*, was produced at the Republic, in the cast being Lionel Barrymore, Forrest Robinson, James A. Herne, Mrs. Sol Smith, and Julie and Chrystal Herne.



Lulu Glaser, favorite operetta star of a quarter of a century ago




Elsie de Wolfe and Frank Mills in *The Way of the World* at the old Victoria Theatre. A long way this from the smart Rolls-Royce of to-day


How do you make your "D's"?

*No two people make them alike and it's this difference that helps
Miss Louise Rice, expert graphologist, read character from handwriting*


EVER really dissect handwriting? Ever ask yourself, for instance, why you make a capital D a little different from anybody else? Ever wonder why that brilliant and erratic friend of yours has a handwriting which "looks just like her?" Of course, it's just like her. Every stroke of a pen reveals some trait of character, some hidden talent, some fault, some virtue. Show me a piece of writing, and I will draw you a character portrait of the writer.

In the fifteenth century a scientist named Camillo Baldo began to wonder about it. Since that time thousands of scientists have wondered and studied. The result is that today a graphologist can build a character portrait of you as easily, from a specimen of your handwriting as a painter can make a likeness of you from a number of sittings.


Take that matter of the capital D. If you bring the last stroke over so that you close the letter  you

will live within your income and put your surplus money in Government Bonds. But if you leave a space between the second stroke and the last  you will help

every poor unfortunate who appeals to you and your heirs will pay a small inheritance tax.

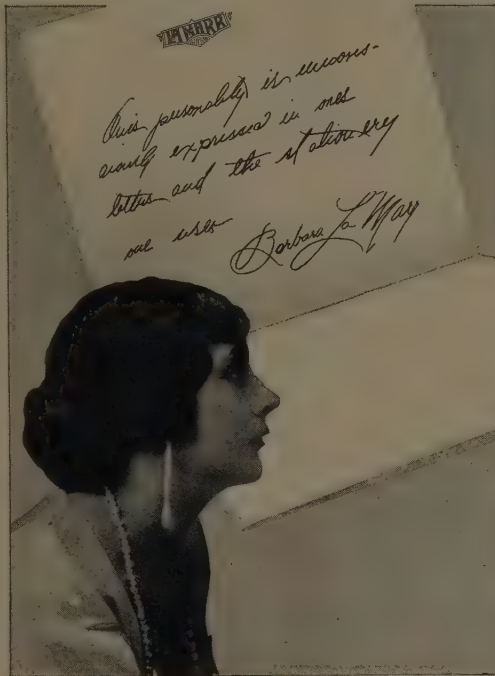
And your t's—how do you make them? Here is a letter which is a most amazing revealer of character. If you make the bar of the letter like this 

you will survive fire and flood and be going strong when

others are ready for the chimney corner. If you fail to put the bar across the letter  you will put off your life in-

surance arrangements until you have poor health and can't make them.

When handwriting begins to slide down hill—look out! You are either ill or about to be, or you



The handwriting of BARBARA LA MARR

I won't be able to sign my name. I'm tired and the lines

are in such a wrong pew that nothing can go right. And if your writing goes kiting up toward the right-hand corner of the page you'd better get a business partner who is a pessimist. He will help you put to practical use that unbounded enthusiasm and optimism which, alone, will wreck you.

These are things worth knowing, aren't they? These are the things which make all the difference between failure and success, happiness and misery.

I wish you would write me and just see what graphology has to tell about yourself. If you wish that you knew what talents you ought to cultivate—let me help you. If business or social or family difficulties beset

you, find out what the science of graphology can do for you.

I'm a real person. I've been helping people and interesting people and amusing people this way for twenty-two years and I hope that you will be the next person whose letter I will open.

Louise Rice

Your Dealer Will Tell You How You Can Get This Character Reading

The services of Miss Rice are available to all users of Crane's Linen Lawn and Eaton's Highland Linen. You can get the special graphology boxes of these famous writing papers together with complete details of the service and how to secure it, at all stores where good stationery is sold.

Crane's
Linen Lawn

EATON'S
HIGHLAND
LINEN

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

HAYS GLOVES



the Tradition behind a Fine Glove

Daniel Hays believed that a pair of gloves should reflect a man's personality and so each pair of Hays gloves has been made that way right up to the present day.

Each pair of Hays gloves is made with a care for detail that is reflected in both looks and feeling.

There is as much difference between a Hays glove and an ordinary glove as between a fine suit of clothes and a suit of armor.

From the selected high grade skin to the finish of seam and edge there is a distinctive character to Hays gloves that is apparent at once.

The Hays tradition makes a glove worth asking for. Many high grade stores will offer them without the asking.

BUCKSKIN • CAPE • MOCHA
Superseam Gloves will not ravel

THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST BUCKSKIN GLOVES
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., U. S. A.

IS NUDITY SALACIOUS?

(Continued from page 12)

inborn instinct for beauty in art. To such persons the beauty of Greek art will ever seem wanting, because its supreme beauty is rather male than female."

The average man of our country (that is to say, a "Babbitt") might bear with equanimity being accused of cheating at cards, embezzling the funds of his firm, or beating his wife—but would turn berserk if he were charged with being beautiful. That is because he has fixed in his mind that worst of all mistakes—the confusion of beauty with weakness, efficiency, prettiness. True beauty is and should be at once a virile beauty of spirit mind and body. We should recognize that truth—that beautiful qualities of person and character tend to manifest themselves in beauty of body.

There is a crying need of great conversion on this subject in America. The physical examination of our entire nation at war time revealed that an appalling proportion of the men of draft age—that is to say at what should be the prime of life—were unfit for military service. Every sport which reveals the body, such as swimming, track activities and boat-

racing, should be encouraged to develop a desire for and pride in physical beauty, for true physical beauty can only be achieved as the radiance of perfect health. And of all physical exercises toward this end, dancing is the finest, for not only does it tend toward health, but its every conscious moment is directed toward producing beauty of movement, of posture and of form.

And if we could engender a national worship and desire for beauty of person, there would come about in America a flower of civilization superior even to that of ancient Greece. For added to the worship and expression of beauty, we would have the commercial organization, mechanical efficiency and inventive genius, which are at present our only achievements and boasts, to turn to the service of beauty. These developments of a mechanical-scientific age could be subordinated to the use of securing individual joy, freedom and expansion of consciousness. At present our marvelous means of machine production, rapid transit and far-flung instant communication are tools whose brightness and sharpness we admire, but do not know how to use.



What Makes the Movies So Costly?

THE average movie fan, sitting enjoying a new big picture, has not the remotest idea what it cost to put the picture before him. He takes with a grain of salt the manager's own widely advertised statement that it cost a million dollars, but in many cases such an estimate is not so wild an exaggeration as you think.

A recent instance of a picture legitimately costing a great deal of money is *The Ten Commandments*. An overhead of \$4,000 an hour was the charge on taking many of the Biblical scenes. This part of the work lasted eighteen days, and there was no waste overhead from delays of any sort or from weather. The Egyptian edifices and the accompanying "Tent City" for the 2,500 participants had been previously set up in a rainless region. After the filming was completed, 250,000 feet of lumber and four of the great Sphinxes were salvaged—the one item going to restore a Catholic church and the other to adorn the portals of a California city.

Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm* was well worth what it cost. Not so, however, of Griffith's *White Rose*. In the latter instance he used an elephant gun to transfix a butterfly. The needlessly grandiose expeditions for the taking of this simple story caused the cost to mount to about \$600,000.

The Four Horsemen was made by

Ingram without real extravagance. Eric von Stroheim's budget-defying record is well known, so is Herbert Brenon's. Douglas Fairbanks has hardly got back the huge initial cost of *Robin Hood*. Yet as a "movie monument" it is worth while, and no one should begrudge the young folks' pleasure of it.

The greatest of the film epics, *The Birth of a Nation*, was an economical picture save in the matter of footage. The total amount of film taken didn't cost materially over \$1 a foot, but ten times as much was photographed as was necessary for the twelve-reel picture; in other words, Griffith threw away nine-tenths of the "shots." Even so, only \$10 a foot could be charged against the much-edited production. In this age, \$100 a foot or \$100,000 a reel is by no means uncommon, and when a big director soars into the \$200-a-foot class he is a great genius or an "awful bust."

Another fact about movie cost needs to be looked at squarely. For every two dollars' worth in studio, add one dollar for the distributor's fee. What the studio charges \$600,000 for the film company, i. e., the wholesaler, assesses the motion-picture theatres in the sum of \$900,000! There is no way of getting around this approximately 35 per cent. for cost of publicity and distribution. R. S.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

the leading french perfumer

For
150
Years



Mon Boudoir Toilet
Water, \$3.50

Mon Boudoir Sachet
\$1.75

Mon Boudoir Face
Powder, \$1.50

Houbigant Lip-
stick, \$1.25

Mon Boudoir Compact
\$1.50

Mon Boudoir Perfume
\$8.00

OF ALL the exquisite perfumes made by Houbigant, Mon Boudoir is one of the most fascinating. Its subtle and lingering fragrance appeals to the woman of sophisticated tastes. Face and talcum powders, compact, rouge, lipstick, sachet, and toilet water are available in this delightful scent.

HOUBIGANT INC. 16, West 49, Street, New York. 46, St. Alexandre St. Montréal

MUSIC

(Continued from page 34)

and Anna Pavlova. I saw Karsavina in Paris in 1910. She was then a very beautiful woman, a splendid technician, and possessed not a little interpretive power. But in those days artistic America was a suburb of Europe, and in Europe Karsavina was a goddess. Though American salaries tempted her almost into the signing of a contract, at the last moment she decided to stay away. Today she is nearly forty, but it is said that she is still the great artist. Will she be able to obscure the radiant memory of the Pavlova who had Mordkin as a partner and who when Caruso fell ill saved the season of 1909-10 at the Metropolitan? She might have fourteen years ago, though I for one doubt it. Pavlova possessed something, an elvish charm perhaps, which no dancer of our day ever quite reached. But at all events Karsavina's coming lends piquancy to the season. And then Mordkin, too, will probably be with us. Mordkin, like Pavlova, was unique. He was not as great a dancer as Nijinsky, but he was a far more vital figure. He

was that rarest thing—a dancer who was both romantic and masculine. There was never any doubt about the sex of Mikail Mordkin!

Earlier and earlier opens the concert season. Among the early birds this year were Alma Gluck with a song recital at the Manhattan Opera House on October 12, Mischa Elman with a violin recital at Aeolian Hall the same day, and Miss Beatrice Mack, a new soprano who possesses much promise, in a recital at Aeolian Hall on October 14. The recent rumor that Carnegie Hall was to be closed at the end of the present season has happily been denied. For the enormous number of recitals, New York already has a shortage of suitable auditoriums, and if Carnegie should go many concerts would have to be given in unfavorable surroundings. Unfortunately there is nothing stable in metropolitan real estate, and halls here to-day are gone to-morrow. It is a condition good neither for the artist nor the art and is another potent argument for a municipal music center.



PASSING OF THE ANGELS

(Continued from page 22)

investment lies in the fact that to-day the theatre rarely produces a financial failure.

Let me make this clear. The manager of whom I spoke earlier in this article recently produced a play. It was not a success; that is to say, it ran along for three weeks in New York and lost about \$10,000. Ten years ago that play would have gone to the storehouse and the producer would have pocketed his loss and let it go at that.

What happens to-day? First a road company is organized, playing "The End of the Rainbow! Direct from Its New York Engagement." The motion-picture rights are sold at a fancy figure, a serial novelization is made for newspaper and book publication, and the following winter the play is used by stock companies in

various sections of the country—all paying royalties. Before it expires of old age that Broadway failure will probably earn twice as much as it originally lost.

To-day ten failures may not cost a producer more than \$10,000, due to these many modern sources of revenue. And one success, like *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Lightnin'* or *The First Year*, will cover the losses on five or six of the saddest flops.

To sum it up, the theatrical business has ceased to be a gamble and no longer need prostitute itself to the purse strings of a gambler. The theatrical angel—picturesque and harmless as he has seemed—has been cast off as a contaminating influence. He is no longer necessary to the theatre, for the theatre is now "standing on its own."



NEW VICTOR RECORDS

At last Americans are to have the long-anticipated opportunity of hearing Toti Dal Monte, the famous coloratura soprano of the celebrated La Scala Opera Company of Milan. Her first records appear in anticipation of her first personal appearance in the United States which is scheduled to take place in San Francisco, whence she has come direct from her most recent triumph with the Melba Opera

Company in Australia. Later she will make her debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Dal Monte makes her initial bow to American music lovers with the always popular "Mad Scene" from the beautifully melodious *Lucia di Lammermoor*—being heard on one side in Part 1 (*Round Us, the Guests Assembled*) and on the other side in Part 2 (*Cast on My Grave a Flower*) of the same number.



"Thinnest"

A TRE-JUR MASTERPIECE

A Compact scarcely thicker than a gold-piece and as precious

The convexity of the beautiful metal case fits the palm—And in the large mirror the swiftest glance clearly shows every facial detail.

The touch of Tre-Jur powder is as soft as a lover's caress....It is perfumed with the new *Joli-Memoire*, a scent that savours of happiness.

"THINNEST" will vastly surprise you. It looks so expensive and costs so little—to be exact, One Dollar! Tre-Jur Offers a Compact for Every Need!

Ask at your favorite store for your own shade of powder and rouge.....Or order by mail from us. Refills always available.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 W. 18th St., New York

TRE-JUR

THE "TRIPLE"
Combines powder, rouge and lip-stick in a delightful case—with the famous sliding drawer

\$1.25



THE "PURSE SIZE TWIN"
Powder and rouge ingeniously presented in a case that snugles into the smallest purse

\$1

An Institution of Paris Fashion
RUSSEKS
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 36th STREET
New York

New Paris Fashions At the New Russek Store

THE Greater Russeks is Ready,—
An Institution of Paris Fashion,—An
Organization of Service and Value
—not merely a store;—where the smart
woman of Fashion commands style-
individuality at moderate price . . .

FROCKS · GOWNS · COATS · WRAPS · SUITS · FURS
AND SMART ACCESSORIES FOR THE
CORRECTLY DRESSED WOMAN

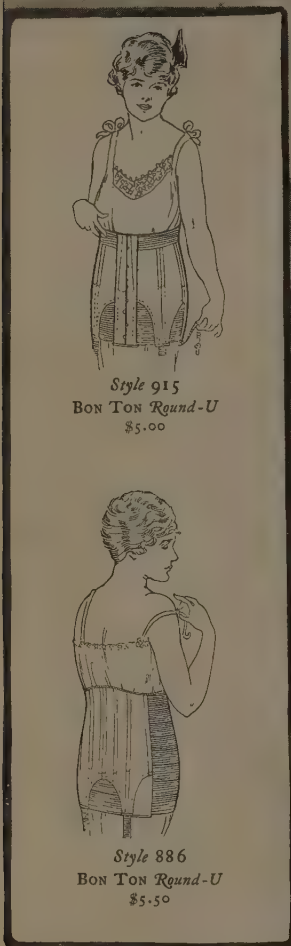
*Book of Fashions
on Request*

*Orders By Mail
Promptly Filled*



The Stylish Flat-back for the Full Figured Woman

Made by The House of Royal Worcester



THE full-figured woman may easily attain the stylish flat back and slender, youthful lines with either of these specially designed BON TON Round-U corsets.

Model 915 is made to meet the particular needs of the woman with stout waist and heavy hips.

Model 886 is a special design for excessive hips and lower back. Both models feature wide sections of substantial elastic beneath the corset which checks, controls and reduces superfluous flesh and creates much desired lines of fashion.

The best of materials in a flexible, rustless boning, long skirt with hose supporters that will not tear, stress the value of this easy-to-reduce-in corset.

At all the leading stores and specialty shops

ROYAL WORCESTER
Corset Company
WORCESTER - NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO - CHICAGO - LONDON

GÉMIER'S SUPERB ART TO DELIGHT

(Continued from page 9)

most memorable performances, his rôle in *Anna Karanina* and *Sherlock Holmes* were given during this period.

After the mobilization in 1915, his work in the *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, *La Vierge Apprivoisée* and especially in *Le Simoun*, a play which had brought distinction to H. R. Lenormand, the author, put him in the first rank of French actors.

His technique is admirable. His mannerisms few, almost unseen. There is no sawing of the air with wild gestures. His voice seldom varies in tone. Simplicity, the simplicity of repression, is the key-note of his talent. He conducts a love scene comprised of surging passion; the dialogue filled with breath-taking, violent phrases, almost in a monotone, and yet there is never the slightest doubt in the mind of the audience but that he will be successful. One feels his power; it is not seen.

Imperceptibly, he changes from youth to middle age and from middle age to debility. The voice is the same in the disillusioned sick man who has drained life to the dregs and found the dregs as palatable as the froth as it is in the youth who ground his arrogant heel into life. But never for a moment does he lose his hold on those who sit out front and follow his diabolical career. I should say after seeing that curious, fantastic play of Lenormand's in which the hero is as black a cad as was ever drawn for the stage, that Gémier was by way of being more of what we would call a *matinée* idol than any other actor in France. I know every woman in the audience forgot the sufferings of her sisters on the stage in admiration of the man's magnetic charm.

He never smiles. Not once on the stage did the faintest trace of mirth touch his face. As the three of us sat and talked in his dressing-room, not even my halting French broke through his reserve. Not that he is gloomy. I should say that he found little humor in life, and that through the hard struggle for success and a keen observation of humanity he had arrived at the philosophy of perfect indifference. Off the stage as well as on, there is a calm about him which is like a high wall; a subtle air of weariness as though the man were tired to the very depths of his soul with both a physical and mental fatigue.

RAQUEL MELLER, the Spanish singing tragédienne, another Continental artist soon to be seen on

Broadway, is still the toast of Paris. In the revue, called *Je T'aime*, she has packed the theatre to overflowing. She is unquestionably one of the few great artists abroad. They call her "A Singing Tragédienne" and her work is unique. Without effects, a simple black drop curtain forms her background; she catches the heart of her audience in the hollow of her hand and does with it what she will.

She is lovely to look upon; graceful—and a true artist. One moment a gamin of the streets of Sevilla, she sings a little song, *Violettas*, which is hummed, played, whistled and sung in the streets of Paris morning, noon and night with almost as much frequency as our own happily-now-forgotten *Yes, We Have No Bananas*.

She is going to New York in November to appear under the management of Florenz Ziegfeld. Although her songs are all of Spain and sung in her native language, the revue is to be called *Rue de la Paix*, and judging by the reports, the play will justify in cost and lavishness the title it bears.

YVONNE PRINTEMPS and Sacha Guitry are still as popular as ever at the Etoile in their latest revue, of which nothing much need be said except that Sacha is Sacha and Yvonne as full of grace and talent as ever. Her impersonation of the Prince of Wales alone is worth a trip to Paris.

MADAME SIMONE has just closed a successful season with *L'Aiglon* at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, and as a guest of Anne Nichols, author of *Abie's Irish Rose*, I was fortunate in witnessing the final performance of the famous French actress. She makes a handsome figure as a man, and her work drew loud and continuous applause from a crowded house.

Miss Nichols, in order to prove her versatility as a producer, is taking Simone and a famous French cast of players over to America for a limited engagement October 15th. Among the plays the French actress will offer in her repertoire are *Sans Gêne*, by Sardou; *La Dame Aux Camelias*, by Alexander Dumas; *La Parisienne*, by Henri Beque; *Amoureuse*, by Porto-Riche, and *Le Passé*, by the same author; *Hedda Gabler*, by Ibsen; *Phèdre*, by Racine; *La Courtisane de Luneville* and *Les Butors et la Finette*, by F. Porché.



Guerlain

PARIS

A PARISIAN VOGUE—SEALED UP IN A BOTTLE!

WHEN you lift the dainty crystal stopper of a Parfum Guerlain, you release a breath of veritable Parisian air, fragrant with one of the Guerlain odeurs now so much in vogue.

Parfums Guerlain are *created, bottled and sealed* in Paris and never exported in bulk to be bottled by unskilled hands in foreign lands. Thus, they come to you exactly as Monsieur Guerlain makes them. They are of full fragrance. They are perfect. They are—*Paris!*

Parfums Guerlain, bottled as befits their preciousness, are gifts that one is justly proud to give or to receive.

CANDIDE EFFLUVÉ

The Newest Guerlain Creation

Rue de la Paix

An odeur of rare charm, created by Guerlain to express the spirit of the world's smartest thoroughfare.



Candide Effluve

Guerlain's newest and greatest creation—a veritable song of fragrance! Paris has pronounced it a masterpiece.

L'Heure Bleue

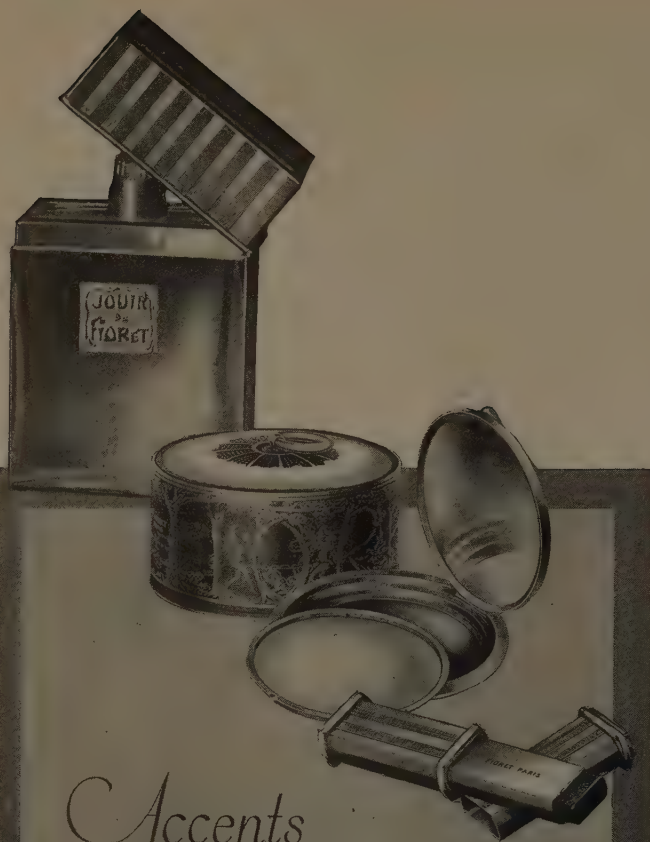
Alluring! Subtle!—It is difficult to find a word to picture the irresistible charm of this justly famous odeur.



In addition to the odeurs presented above, M. Guerlain has asked us to call attention to his *Après L'Ondée* and *Guerlinade* Odeurs, and to his *Talc*, *Lipstick* and *Face Powder*, and *Barb Salts*. All are products truly distinctive. At all the smarter shops

PARK & TILFORD, NEW YORK—PARIS
Distributors in America

"Fragrance from Over the Sea"



Accents of Appeal

Not all the loveliest
women of the ages
possessed a spell so
bewitching as the ex-
quisite resources of the
modern parfumeur's art

FIORET^{INC}

"FEE-O-RAY"

8, Rue Ybry, Neuilly 677 Fifth Avenue
PARIS NEW YORK

Parfums - Eaux de Toilette - Poudres
Compacts - Lipsticks - Rouges
Exhibited at Distinguished Shops



ROSE MARIE, which they are designating as "musical melo-drama," was an unquestioned hit from its opening night. Other musical productions of the season are successes also. But there is a certain individual quality about *Rose Marie* that causes it to stand out alone. Its novel form of melodrama with music, the music itself, strange and lovely costumes, a peach of a cast, each contributes its share. But most important of all is Mary Ellis, the star.

Fancy a lady who not only has a voice, but who can put shades and subtleties into her singing such as are seldom or never heard on the musical comedy stage . . . who can act, who has charm and personality and radiance.

We called on Miss Ellis in her dressing-room after the Saturday matinee. How lovely she was! And how young! Remembering her in *The Blue Bird* and *Louise* at the Metropolitan, we were astonished. But someone told us afterward that Miss Ellis had gone to the Metropolitan at eighteen, making her now just twenty-four. She didn't look even that. So soft and white a skin! Such harmony and graciousness of features and expression! Such eyes! Particularly the eyes . . . and whether blue or brown or gray, we couldn't at this moment say. (Probably blue, though the tinting around them may have helped an illusion.) To tell you the truth, somewhat hard-boiled as we are at meeting celebrities of the stage, we were a little bit dazzled. Miss Ellis is a veritable fairy princess.

We talked of eyes . . . about keeping them in condition. Miss Ellis thinks a certain beauty specialist on Fifth Avenue has the real "dope" to give you on that. She believes the eyes themselves should be kept clear and brilliant with eye cup and eye bath every day. But even more important for the look of youth and beauty is their setting. The eyelids should be firm and unwrinkled, there should be no fine lines around them, no dark hollows underneath. And this beauty specialist has a wonderful treatment to prevent and remedy any or all such conditions.

At Miss Ellis' suggestion, we looked this beauty specialist up and had one of these treatments. This is the way it went, as it was given to us. It is quite as efficacious, if one buys the preparations and gives oneself the treatment at home.

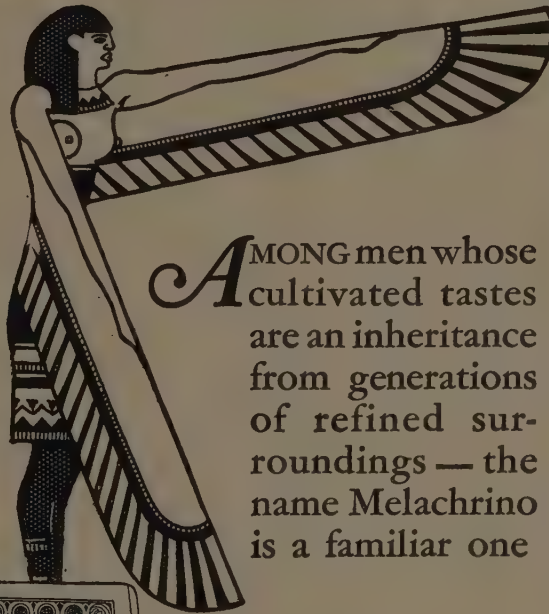
First of all, our eyes were bathed with an Eye Bath. Then a Special Cream, compounded of eggs and herb oils, which is having a furore, was patted around the eyes. To force this cream into the skin, hot Herb Packs were placed on the eyes and left for five minutes, the heat reducing all the tension of the little nerves around the eyes. Then to tighten the muscles there was a cold mask made of cotton, dipped in ice water and Eye Astringent. When the treatment was finished, we looked ten years younger . . . or so we were told at dinner-time.

This treatment is equally for the young as the more mature, and especially good to start the winter out with. For the wrinkles and little lines which come about the eyes are caused as much by squinting and by nerves as by growing old.

A small Eye Kit containing all these preparations necessary for the treatment, with special mascara and tiny eye brush, can be had for \$5, about half the amount that must be paid if one buys each preparation separately. The Eye Kit is of tin, charmingly hand-painted.

This same beauty specialist is just offering as a novelty a new cream for darkening the eyelids. Many women use dry powder for tinting, but that causes the eyelids to wrinkle. This new cream, on the contrary, keeps the eyelids firm, makes them look smooth and deliciously waxy, and brings out the color of the eyes. It comes in violet, hazel and dark brown.

(For a list of these Special Preparations for the Eyes, with prices, and where they may be purchased, also for a set of exercises for the eyes prepared by this same Beauty Specialist, write *The Vanity Box*, care of THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



AMONG men whose cultivated tastes are an inheritance from generations of refined surroundings — the name Melachrino is a familiar one



PLAIN ~ CORK

OR STRAW

TIPS



ORIGINAL

MELACHRINO

"The one cigarette sold the world over"

FISK

BALLOON CORD TIRES

Bringing New Safety, New Comfort, to Fall and Winter Driving

In this season of wet, slippery pavements, the sudden stops which city driving demands, are often difficult to make. But you can enjoy that feeling of absolute security, even on treacherous days, with Fisk Balloons on your wheels.

By practically doubling the tire surface in contact with the road, Fisk Balloons make skidding almost impossible and give a new effectiveness to your brakes.

And whether you travel bumpy country roads or smooth city streets, Fisk Balloons will carry you along in easy, undisturbed comfort.

By choosing Fisk Balloons you are sure to enjoy not only the greatest safety and comfort, but also the unusual economy Fisk quality and endurance make possible.

Fisk Balloons are made to fit your present rims as well as special wheel equipment.



Time to Re-tire
Get a Fisk
TRADE MARK REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.



MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 19)

of his impersonations, played the amatory sexogenarian. One wept to see so fine an actor wasting his talent on so tawdry and absurd a part. It gave him nothing he could bite on, while the lines rendered him little short of ridiculous. Lowell Sherman, another Broadway favorite, did not have to wait to see what he could do with the rôle of the Hamlet-like brother. The audience applauded everything he did before he did it. Even if he sneezed (which he didn't), it would have provoked a salvo of hand-clapping. When he leisurely sat back and toyed with the typewriter, a young woman who shamefacedly confessed sowing a few wild oats of her own, philosophizing in his cynical, blasé, man-of-the-world manner, the spectators fairly howled their delight. That Mr. Sherman has many friends is certain. As far as I can see, there is no longer any necessity for him to act. All he has to do is to appear.

Phoebe Foster played the girl crook and Fleming Ward the confederate—both in the conventional manner.

The Mask and the Face

Comedy in three acts by Luigi Chiarelli. Translation by Chester B. Fernald. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Bijou Theatre September 10, with the following cast:

A Girl, Adele Thatcher-Shreve; A Boy, John Roberts; Pier Zanotti, Lumsden Hare; Judge Ugo Praga, Charles Hampden; Wanda Borelli, Beatrice Miles; Luigi Bungli, Frederic Monti; Nina Zanotti, Ann Winston; Georges Almaire, Horace Braham; Delia Fambri, Edith Campbell Walker; Franco Spina, Austin Fairman; Savina Grazia, Catherine Willard; Count Mario Grazia, William Faversham; Andrea, Ashton Tonge; Teresa, Maud Durand; Tito, Robert Montgomery.

THE Italian grotesque is a play that has an undercurrent of real tragedy, while, on the surface, its purpose is only to amuse. *The Mask and the Face*, by Chiarelli, is a well-known example of this particular genre. The play was one of the outstanding successes in London this Summer, and at least two versions, of which this is one, have found their way to Broadway. There is, I believe, some misunderstanding between Mr. Brock Pemberton, who produced the present Fernald version, and Mr. Gilbert Miller, who has a translation by Somerset Maugham. Mr. Miller, it is said, will proceed with his production, no matter what fate attends the present piece. This is good news. It will be interesting to see what the distinguished author of *Rain* has done with the play.

That any Anglicized version can do full justice to the original is more than doubtful. The Anglo-Saxon does only clumsily a thing so essentially suited to the Latin temperament. Yet inadequate as the present production may be, both as regards the transla-

tion and the acting—the tempo of which was entirely too slow—I confess I was entertained. The comedy has novelty, interest, humor. I enjoyed it far more than some of the native plays I have had to sit through lately, with their home-made pie complexes, impossible flappers and childish twaddle. At least here is a full-grown play, with real wit, a play written, if not acted, with all the delightful sophistication, charm and brilliance that one has learned to associate with the more matured art of the Continental stage.

Count Mario, while entertaining guests in his magnificent château on the shores of Lake Como, boasts of his high honor and what terrible things he would do if ever he found his wife unfaithful. At that same instant, in another corner of the room, his friend Franco is making violent love to the said wife, urging her to become his mistress. She repels him, but is seriously compromised when Count Mario sees a man leaving her room. Refusing to listen to her plea that she is innocent, he banishes her from the château and then tells his friends that he has killed her, having thrown her body in the lake. He at once becomes a local hero. Flowers are showered on him and all the women are eager to embrace a man capable of giving them such an exquisite thrill. The mayor insists on a public funeral, and this scene in the third act, when all the neighbors arrive in black, the dead woman herself turning up in time for the obsequies, furnishes hilarious fun.

William Faversham, somewhat less stacy than usual, did only fairly well as the count. There seemed little excuse for a player of his experience fumbling his lines so often. Catherine Willard, a handsome, vivacious blonde, filled the eye and was very charming as the wife. The rest of the cast were competent, but without special distinction.

Conscience

Play in two acts by Don Mullally. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Belmont Theatre September 11, with the following cast:

Jeff Stewart, Ray B. Collins; "Doc" Saunders, Robert Robson; Madeline, Lillian Foster; May Fallow, Rosemary King; Expressman, Edward Power; Claude, Leonard Doyle.

OUT of the phantasmagoria of this curious new play, born in Greenwich Village and transplanted uptown by A. H. Woods, there are revealed a few high lights. The play, originally intended for the Cherry Lane Theatre, is earnestly conceived by the author, Don Mullally, and seriously acted by members of the cast. One of the outstanding features is the work of a hitherto un-

The Newest and Most Remarkable of Musical Instruments

THE BRUNSWICK RADIOLA—Combining the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the superlative in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Regenoflex. *What it is and does—some amazing features*

LESS than six weeks ago, this new instrument was first announced.

Today, famous artists, musicians, critics, scores of America's representative people have joined in paying tribute to what world's authorities acclaim the outstanding musical achievement of the day.

Whatever may be your conception of the musical possibilities of radio, or of complete and permanent home entertainment, you are urged to hear it.

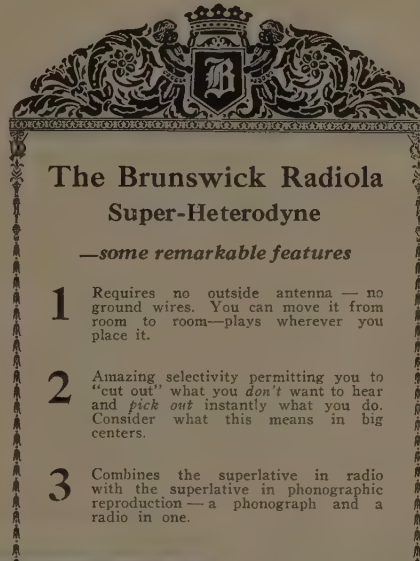
All the music of all the world; the music of yesterday or today at the simple turn of the lever!

The Brunswick Radiola marks the joint achievement of the leader in musical reproduction with the leader in radio to attain the ultimate. A scientific combination, developed by the Brunswick laboratories in connection with the Radio Corporation, it embodies the best that men know in music and in radio.

Not a makeshift, not simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph, but a perfected, tested and proved combination. An instrument you can buy with positive and absolute assurance of lasting satisfaction throughout the years to come.

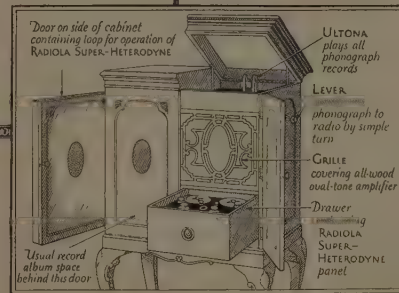
The world-famous Brunswick Method of Reproduction has been subsidized to do for radio what it has done for music. The result in clarity, beauty and tonal quality is equaled only by the sweeping versatility of this remarkable instrument.

At the turn of a lever, you have radio's greatest thrill, the amazing Radiola Super-Heterodyne or Radiola Regenoflex to bring the mysteries of the air into your home, with tonal possibilities multiplied.



The
Brunswick Radiola
No. 360

© B. B. C. Co. 1924



At another turn, you have the recorded music of all time at your command—your favorite records played as only a Brunswick can play them.

Nothing in music—music in the making, the current triumphs of famous artists of the New Hall of Fame, the music of yesterday, today, tomorrow—is thus beyond your reach. Consider what this means to you; the advantages it offers to your children.

The Brunswick Radiola occupies immeasurably a unique position in the world of musical art.

*Moderate prices—liberal terms of payment—
instruments now on display*

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal terms of payment provided.

Some are priced as low as \$190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick.

Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Others the Radiola Regenoflex, the Radiola No. 3 and 3A.

*See now at Brunswick
dealers so as to be
sure of delivery*

Advance models are now on display at your local Brunswick dealer's.

To be sure of getting one of these instruments, choose now.

Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige"—your Brunswick dealer.



The
Brunswick
Radiola
No. 700

The Sign of Musical Prestige
Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS • RADIOLAS

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE COLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

General Offices: Chicago
Branches in all principal cities

Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments; the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one.



Scientist denounces use of poisonous antiseptics

A BIOLOGIST with an international reputation writes as follows:

"The wide marketing of your product, Zonite, should put an end for all time to the harmful practice of using poisonous caustic disinfectants in douche medication.

"Enlightened physicians everywhere, who understand the corroding action of phenol and cresol even when heavily diluted with water, will welcome the displacement of these poisons by so safe and so powerful an antiseptic agent as Zonite.

The above statement represents the opinion of authorities on the use of poisons in feminine hygiene. The one excuse for their use in the past—that they killed germs and there was nothing to take their place—no longer exists.

Zonite is here to replace poisonous, irritating compounds. Ask your doctor about this new form of antiseptic that is more powerful than carbolic acid, yet is non-poisonous, non-irritating and perfectly safe to use.

Write for the Zonite book on feminine hygiene. All women should know the scientific facts it contains.

Zonite Products Co., Woman's Div.
342 Madison Ave., New York
Please send me free copy of the Zonite Feminine Hygiene booklet.

Feminine Hygiene

In bottles
50c and \$1.00
all druggists

known and unheard-of-on-Broadway actress, Lillian Foster, whose work at the close of the second act was little short of genius.

This new play by a dramatist whose work was also of unknown quality on Broadway was projected there by Roy Walling, who staged it and who was instrumental in luring Mr. Woods down to the small Village theatre to see it. It has its flaming moments, but they are only flashes in the pan. Too much precious time is consumed by dismal and futile harangues by the labor agitator hero. The start and finish are inexpressibly dull, the second and third acts passing fair, even brilliant in spots. The play has a tiresome opening. The hero, half mad in the prologue, delivers an incoherent monologue with a jackdaw as his only audience, except, of course, for the audience out front, whose restlessness on the opening night testified to the fear that it had let itself in for a dreadful evening.

The scene is the hero's cabin in the Yukon in the dead of winter. The wind howls, ghosts appear, Jeff harangues the jackdaw and battles with the madness which is overpowering him. No one but perhaps the actor himself knows what all this is about.

The interlude of two scenes reveals the reason why Jeff is losing his mind. The action is set back two years to the time when Jeff is at home and married to a selfish, illiterate little waitress who is impatient with his labor agitations. After stirring up strife in his home town of Anacortes, Washington, he bums his way to a distant city. The wife, a mental infant, goes the crimson way in his absence, and when her husband returns and finds his home a brothel, strangles her. After that the Yukon, the jackdaw and the brainstorms.

The audience, bored, baffled and pleased by turns, cheered the little unknown actress at the close of the second and third acts, and their bravos and her delighted confusion were the real interesting features of the opening night. Stripped of the long, philosophical diatribes, toned down and doctored up a bit, this unusual play might find itself having a rather unusually long run.

Greenwich Village Follies

Musical spectacular revue in two acts. Lyrics by Cole Porter, Irving Caesar and John Murray Anderson. Music by Cole Porter. Produced by Bohemians, Inc., at the Shubert Theatre September 16, with these principals:

Anna Ludmilla, the Dolly Sisters, Roshanara, Robert Alton, America Chedister, Terrence Kennedy, Bobbe Arnst, Julia Silvers, George Christie, James Clemons, Don Barclay, Rosalie Claire, John Sheehan, Ethel Davis, Vincent Lopez and his Pennsylvania Orchestra, George Moran and Charles Mack.

THE only trouble with such shows as the *Greenwich Village Follies*, or any other kind of Follies, is that they give one the same feeling of over-

fullness as a big dinner. You are surfeited with good things, most of which remain undigested. This is particularly true of the *Greenwichers'* new revue. It contains so much—girls, costumes, tableaux, drolleries—that half the time you can't see the forest for the trees. If a third of the present program were cut, more comedy injected into it and the tempo quickened, it would be a show to rave about. As it is, it has its dull moments.

The one cardinal sin of all these unwieldy spectacles is their inordinate length. They run till past midnight, much to the discomfort of persons who object to missing their beauty sleep. Another—more serious—defect is their lack of form. They have no cohesion. They do not seem to be laid out according to any intelligent plan. The sequence of scenes given by the program is seldom, if ever, followed. Features belonging to Part I are arbitrarily transferred to Part II and acts originally scheduled for Part II done in Part I. This naturally results in hopeless confusion to the spectator, who, finding his program useless, has to guess at the performer's identity. Nor does the loud talking back-stage, while the set is being struck—a disturbance quite audible from the front—help the illusion. The material, I repeat, is fine—the best in the world—but not the best use is made of it. As these revues go to-day, they are merely a huge mass of undisciplined entertainment, a riot of color, lights, costumes, with an occasional striking tableau, some—not enough—clever comedy, nimble dancing, blackface funny men, vaudeville sketches and what-not, served up to the crashing accompaniment of a perspiring orchestra.

All of which is merely preliminary to telling you that the present show is a rich evening's entertainment. Consider the principals. First in importance and achievement the Dolly Sisters. In the morality called *Destiny*, Jennie Dolly gave the measure of her capabilities as an actress. As the wretched street-walker, the broken toy of the Apaches' rough love-makings, she did a marvelous bit of realistic acting. Then there was Roshanara, wholly delightful in a picturesque Indian dance, and Anna Ludmilla, graceful as a young fawn in that beautiful tableau, *The Happy Prince*, adapted from Oscar Wilde's story. And the exquisite drollery of those inimitable artists in blackface, Moran and Mack; the astonishing antics of Manuel Vega, a clown from Paris who has a wrestling match with a dummy that is a classic of stage humor. I don't quite see what Lopez and his band add to the program. Famous and unrivaled dance band as they are, they seemed rather out of place on the Follies stage.

The artistic but somewhat heavy hand of John Murray Anderson was over everything and contributed a lion's share to the sheer beauty of the whole.

(Continued on page 70)

Loses 23 Pounds With Madame X Reducing Girdle

In only 2 months—without diet, special exercises or drugs—Miss Kenney remoulded her figure to the straight, graceful lines you see in the picture. Just by wearing the comfortable Madame X Reducing Girdle—which makes you look inches thinner at once and soon brings real slenderness.

"I HAVE just stepped from the scales and was overjoyed to find that the hand pointed to 142 pounds.

"Previously I found that no matter how I tried I could not bring my weight below 165 pounds. I was hopeless. I did not bother, thinking it useless. Finally, being so uncomfortable in heavy bone corsets, I decided to try the Madame X Girdle, for comfort if nothing else.

"During June and July I wore it constantly, as it improved my appearance immensely. I noticed that I was gradually getting smaller. My friends say I look years younger, having lost 23 pounds with a decided improvement in health.

"I am three or four inches thinner in waist and hips.

"Everyone has noticed the change. I shall continue to wear my girdle, as it is so extremely comfortable."

(signed) Anne L. Kenney,
509 W. 170th St., New York.

Miss Kenney's experience is by no means unique. Women everywhere write us enthusiastically to tell us of the amazing reductions which this marvelous girdle has quickly brought about.



Special hand-turned hem—absolutely prevents splitting or tearing

Look thin while getting thin

Best of all, you don't have to wait to LOOK thin. As soon as you put on the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment, in place of a corset, you appear several inches thinner at the waist and hips without the slightest discomfort. And day by day, as you continue to

wear the girdle, it gently kneads away the excess fat and moulds your figure to new beauty and slender grace. The massage action, though powerful, is imperceptible—but your scales, mirror and tape measure quickly tell the story!

Women usually lose from one to three inches the very first week, and almost before you know it, four, five and sometimes even ten inches have disappeared for good from waist, hips, thighs, and you look and feel younger and better.

Physicians endorse it

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is based on scientific principles of reduction by rubber massage, which have long been advocated by health authorities and professional athletes because of the ease, quickness and safety with which this method takes away 5, 10, 20 pounds—or more. The rubber is scientifically cured by the dry heat method, so it will be specially strong and resilient.

You can exercise—work, play, sit—in perfect comfort, for it is so soft and flexible, it allows the utmost freedom of motion.

New Madame X Brassiere

The new Madame X Brassiere does for the upper figure just what the girdle does for waist, hips and thighs. Made of live, flesh-tinted brocaded rubber of the same high quality. Carefully moulds the figure without binding or bulging, and gently massages away the fat.

See the Madame X for yourself. Get a fitting today at any good store where corsets are sold. But be sure to insist on the original patented Madame X—there is no other "just as good."

Send for free 24-page booklet showing why the Madame X Reducing Girdle reduces you so quickly and how it brings renewed health and energy. Address The Madame X Co., Dept. G-14611, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Miss Anne L. Kenney after reducing 23 pounds with her Madame X

On Sale At All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin X While Getting Thin

WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS: I-NEWMAN & SONS INC. CHICAGO •••• CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS: DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LTD. QUEBEC

THE MOST HATED MAN IN THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 20)

pretty testimonials of this regard at Christmas, Easter and on his birthday, in the form of boxes of socks, cigars and other things that are more difficult to procure now than they were at the time of which I am writing. Managers would have escorted him to the choicest locations in their theatres, actors would have assured him that he was so powerful that they trembled when word was carried to them that he was "sitting out in front." His name might have appeared in the lists of entertained guests aboard a private yacht, week-end party at a country estate, or he might have "done" Europe in the company of famous ones who sought his "advice" concerning next season's vehicles.

WORST ACTOR IN THE WORLD

BUT George Jean decided to have it otherwise. Apparently he took an inventory of himself and of the theatrical clan. It was at this moment that he decided to thunder his wrath. And he was not unwise enough to believe that he could attract attention by aiming his shafts of lightning at the meek and lowly in the profession. One of the first forest giants of his attack was David Belasco. That served his purpose admirably. He had the precedent that Alan Dale called Richard Mansfield "the worst actor in the world" when Richard was at the height of his popularity— attracting more attention to Dale than anything he had written before or since. Hitch your cart to a star when you go demolishing idols. And George Jean has not wavered in his determination to "hit high." Perhaps cruel, destructive instead of constructive, personal, heartless, merciless—all of the things that have been claimed against him—but nobody can deny that he has been brilliant, and there is the likelihood that his dramatic writings have accomplished more good in the American playhouse than the criticisms of anyone still writing.

Whether they admit it or deny it, the truth is that American actors and actresses have aimed to improve their work, after being called to account by this young gentleman whom they profess to hate. It is not burdening the imagination to assume that some of them have accomplished something in the right direction.

And finally what is the result? Viewing the situation from a point removed from Broadway, I have the advantage of knowing the actors and actresses in what might be called another latitude—where, perhaps, there is less excitement, certainly less hysteria among the professionals, than when they are competing in the national metropolis. By the time they reach my abiding-place, they have read the remarks of George Jean Nathan about their performances—yes, not only read, but digested them. I have heard them consign the critic to the last of the purgatories of the Buddhist torments. I have heard the desire expressed to boil him in oil, to isolate him at the North Pole, to wish him all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition; but I have heard something else.

BOTH LOVED AND FEARED

A FEW of them had well-deserved lines of praise from this same George Jean. Ah, then is when he becomes the rarest and most discerning critic of affairs theatrical in all the world! How they treasure a paragraph from him lauding their histrionic efforts! They reproduce it and send it broadcast in facsimile, they pin it beside the mirrors in their dressing-rooms, they point to it with greater pride than to the contracts that pay them phenomenal salaries.

So in George Jean Nathan, it becomes apparent, we have our most detested man on Broadway, the critic most feared—and at the same time the man who is best loved. Take your choice. George Jean is a paradox; but pro or con, one must think of him in superlatives.

The Worst Actor He Ever Saw

SOME idea of Mantell's ability as an actor at the outset of his career can be gathered from a story he is fond of telling.

Years afterward, when he had won his spurs in *Fedora*, Mantell and a number of brother actors were sitting one night around a table in the old Morton House, New York. In the circle was the veteran George Clarke, a leading member of Augustin Daly's company. The conversation turned on the ludicrous in acting.

"George," somebody asked Clarke, "who was the worst actor you ever saw?"

The veteran pondered. "I've seen so many bad ones," he said, "that I really can't answer offhand. Oh, yes," suddenly brightening, "I know now. I was playing once in a little town in England, Rochdale I think. I was visiting star in *The Shaugraun*. There was a callow young galoot, a member of the local stock company, who was cast as Father Doolan. That young man was the very worst actor I ever saw."

"The drink's on me, Mr. Clarke," spoke up Mantell. "I was that Father Doolan."—From *Robert Mantell's Romance*, by C. J. Bulliet.



GOWN and CHINCHILLA WRAP By MILGRIM

Marilyn Miller

To Shortly Appear In The
Charles B. Dillingham
Stage Production

"PETER PAN"

The RAINDROP EVENING GOWN

AN INSPIRATION

Eally Milgrim
"AMERICA'S FOREMOST
FASHION CREATOR"

GOWNS
FROCKS
SUITS
WRAPS
MILLINERY
FURS

INVARIABLY
The Style
Dominant
AT THE
STORE of *Distinction*
IN Each City

MILGRIM

BROADWAY at 74th ST., NEW YORK
In CHICAGO: 600 Michigan Blvd. South

It is not a Milgrim Model Unless it Bears the Milgrim Label





Molding the Face Back to Youth

No longer does fancy dictate the method of keeping the complexion beautiful and the face young. Intelligent women know that the best way to keep the skin lovely and fair and preserve the youthful contour of the face and neck is to stimulate and nourish the underlying tissues.



**Rose Leaf
Cleansing Cream**
Thoroughly cleans and
refines the skin. Three
sizes, \$1.00, \$2.00,
\$3.50.

Skin Freshener
For toning and refresh-
ing the skin. Two sizes,
\$1.25, \$3.00.



**Face Molding
Cream**
Nourishes tissues; pre-
vents lines and wrin-
kles. Three sizes,
\$1.50, \$3.00, \$5.00.

**Balsam
Tissue Stimulant**
Penetrates the pores, in-
creasing the natural activity
of the skin. Two sizes,
\$1.50, \$2.75.



Balsam Astringent
For strengthening mus-
cles, reducing double chin
and firming the skin.
Two sizes, \$2.50, \$4.00

Face Molder
To mold Balsam
Astringent into the
tissues and lift
drooping muscles.
\$5.00.



FACE MOLDING, originated by Primrose House, New York's smartest beauty salon, is the really scientific way to improve the texture, color and firmness of the skin.

Because it actually reaches the underlying muscles, working directly on them to strengthen them, it prevents sagging, lines and wrinkles. In a few minutes a day in your own home, with this remarkable muscle-toning method you can literally mold unwelcome lines away, give new life to the skin and a youthful contour to the face and neck.

Face Molding will enable you to restore and retain the personal loveliness and charm that is every woman's natural right. Try it and see for yourself the improvement in your appearance ten minutes a day will work.

New and lasting beauty is attained not only through the special molding motion—radically different from massage—but through the famous Primrose House Preparations which have been scientifically developed to accomplish definite results.

The preparations used in Face Molding are briefly described on this page. In addition, there are Primrose House Preparations to meet every beauty need—creams, lotions, face powders and rouges for every type of skin, the most perfect of their kind to be had anywhere in the world. They are sold at leading stores throughout the country. Ask about them and Face Molding at the toilet goods department of your favorite shop.

The new edition of our booklet, "Here Dwells Youth," contains the latest and most improved ways of restoring and developing beauty and individuality. Write today for a free copy. The head of our staff of graduate nurses will be glad to advise you confidentially by correspondence, without charge.

Primrose House *

3 EAST 52ND ST. NEW YORK

Department E-8

* Registered U. S. Patent Office



(Continued from page 10)

NOT HAPPY AT REHEARSAL



"Yes, my dear lady, I can quite believe it," he answered, "but that is not the way I wish you to repeat it."—From Wilstach's *Life of Richard Mansfield*.

LONG-DISTANCE PLAYWRITING

This surely is a most harmonious arrangement for all concerned—the author, the producer, the director, the actors. An unusual and ideal arrangement planned by an ingenuous and unusual dramatist, who does not permit his work to interfere with his pleasure, who lives life easily and without the least possible friction for himself or his associates.



Permanent
Reduction!

With a Mental Picture of you before me, I can advise how to correct your overweight.

NAME.....

ADDRESS

NECK			
CHEST			
BUST			
WAIST			
ABDOMEN			
HIPS			
THIGHS			
CALF			
ANKLE			
UPPER ARM			
FOREARM			
CHIN			
WEIGHT			
HEIGHT			

Bust Absorbent Lotion (for a sagging bust) \$5
Double Chin Absorbent Lotion (for a flabby chin) \$5
Cleansing Oil (Ideal cleanser—no massage necessary) \$5
Skin Food—Special Heavy (for dry and wrinkled skin) \$5
Astringent Lotion (for large pores and oily skin) \$5
Face Powder (all shades—extra heavy—adheres freely) \$5
Acne Salve (to dry up acne and pimples) \$2
Bleaching Lotion (for dark, sallow skin) \$2
Liquid Powder (for evening use) \$2

Marjorie Dork
Face and Form Specialist

3 East 47th Street.

New York,

Phone Murray Hill 0545.

Richelieu Pearls

for Pearl Lovers

Richelieu

DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT

Richelieu Pearl
Pendant Collarette
Quality M

Bohemian Emerald Clasp
and Exquisite Gift Case
Complete \$35.00

Similar Design can be
obtained in Qualities
P.O.-A.B.C. and XXX
\$50.00 to \$300.00

At the Better Shops
You are urged to demand the
RICHELIEU Guarantee

Richelieu

J. H. M. LABORATORIES - BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RICHELIEU PEARLOID VANITIES

MOTHER PEARL
Loveliness

POSSIBLE
ONE TO
TREASURE

AT ALL
STORES

50¢

\$1.00

\$1.50

NO METAL TO TARNISH
SANITARY - VERY LIGHT WEIGHT

J. H. M. B. LABORATORIES
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

for beauty's sake

A creation of beauty fashioned as an accessory to the beauty of charming women—the TERRI VANITY is a dream of an artist made practicable.

Every service that a woman requires is right at hand in this latest *Terri Vanity*. A mirror large enough to see the full face; containers for lip rouge, face rouge and powder, compartments for cigarettes, keys and coins.

The *Terri Vanity* reflects its aristocracy in its very lines. Distinctively shaped, it is at once a recognized scion of the famous *Terri Vanities*. The entrancing oval effect strikes a particularly new note. And the double mesh wristlet! Like an exclamation point completing an ecstatically beautiful sentence . . .



Terri VANITY

TERRI, INCORPORATED

4 West 40th Street

New York City

You can get the Terri Vanity at the better shops. Should you have difficulty, send \$7.50 to Terri, Inc., 4 West 40th Street, New York City, and you will be enjoying the beauty of your vanity very soon there-
after.

Terri,
Incorporated, 4 W.
40th Street, New
York City. Gentlemen:
I am enclosing \$7.50.
Please send me the Terri Vanity.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____



LABLACHE

The Face Powder of Quality
Used by Women of Refinement for Three Generations

Additional Requisites for the Toilet

are now announced by the makers of *Lablache* as of old.

Lablache, with its delicate perfume of flowers, is invisible, adhering, smooth in texture and absolutely pure. It caresses, protects, and beautifies, and best of all *Lablache stays on*. Send for free sample.

The New Lablache Requisites

are fitting companions to *Lablache FACE POWDER* in fragrance, daintiness and quality. Each is distinctive in itself, and each an acquisition to feminine charm.

Lablache Compact
Extra Thin Puff Size
Price, \$1.00
Refill, 60c

Double Compact
Powder and Rouge
Price, \$1.50
Refill, 50c

Lablache Eyebrow
Pencil, 35c

Lablache Glove
Rouge Compact
Price, 50c

Triple Compact
Powder, Rouge and
Lipstick
Price, \$1.75

Lablache Indelible
Lipstick
Price, 50c

If your druggist or favorite store does not have the new *Lablache Toilet Requisites*, write us direct: the quality will delight you.

BEN. LEVY CO.

Dept. 53, 125 Kingston St.

PARIS

BOSTON

Single Compact



Little Women

whether their hair is golden, chestnut, auburn, or velvety black, shampoo regularly with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP



MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 64)

Hassard Short's Ritz Revue

Musical spectacle in two acts. Settings by Clark Robinson. Ballets by Chester Hale. Sketches directed by Clyde North. Produced by Hassard Short at the Ritz Theatre September 17; with these principals:

Madeleine Fairbanks, Leila Ricard, Stanley Rogers, Jay Brennan, Charlotte Greenwood, Tom Burke, Jackie Hurlburt, William Ladd, Raymond Hitchcock, Eddie Conrad, William Simpson, and others.

WHEN it comes to shows of the elaborate, gorgeous Follies order, Hassard Short has it all over his rivals and then some. He, you recall, created the best things in the *Music Box Revue* when that spectacle of rare loveliness first took Broadway's breath away a few seasons ago. Now he has gone into the vaudeville-deluxe game for himself. His first exhibit at the Ritz certainly proves he knows his business.

It is the liveliest, snappiest, most pulchritudinous spectacle I have seen in a long time. Less bulky, less unwieldy than its other Broadway competitors, it is also vastly more entertaining. It has better comedians and its sketches and tableaux are more original and infinitely more beautiful. Take, for instance, the gold-and-black silk special drop curtain. Has anything richer, or in more exquisite taste, ever been seen in a Broadway theatre? That one little detail alone puts one in good humor for the show. Its richness of material, the mass and graceful folds of it—all lend distinction and luster to the occasion. And the wonderful semi-transparent curtains with their lovely light effects! One, a dark blue curtain, dotted with tiny electric dancing lights, representing the stars in the firmament, made one gasp by its sheer beauty. And that gorgeous Sun-girl curtain, a shimmering blaze of gold from which steps the Sun-girl, followed by her lovely satellites—a masterpiece of spectacular splendor.

But even more satisfying than the appeal to the eye is the appeal to one's sense of humor. The revue is full of excellent comedy, Charlotte Greenwood leading the lengthy list of side-splitting fun-makers. Her sketch, *Her Morning Bath*, is a scream of décolleté frolic. Then there is Jay Brennan and his new partner, Stanley Rogers, who takes the place of the lamented Bert Savoy. Everyone was startled to see the extraordinary resemblance in voice, "business" and "make-up" to the poor Savoy. It was positively uncanny and reminded many among the audience how easily we are replaced. Alberta Vitak does some graceful dancing and Raymond Hitchcock, in addition to taking tickets at the door, enlivened the proceedings by acting as confrencier. Some of the ladies in the tableaux had very little on. Some of them nothing at all,

in fact, above the waist, but no one—at least not the night I was there—left the theatre or registered any complaint at the box-office, which may, or may not, indicate that public morals are going to the demnition bow-wows.

Izzy

Comedy in three acts by Mrs. Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst. Produced by George Broadhurst at the Broadhurst Theatre September 16, with the following cast:

Solomon Iskovitch, Ralph Locke; Isaac Iskovitch, Robert Leonard; Eli Iskovitch, Sam Jaffe; Abraham Iskovitch, Jacob Kingberry; Moche Iskovitch, Ralph Belmont; Izzy Iskovitch, Jimmy Hussey; Jacob Steinberg, Robert Middlemass; Jackson, Alfred Rigali; Rawlins Thayer, Kenneth Hunter; Arthur Simmons, Fred Irving Lewis; Prudence Joy, Isabelle Lowe; David Schussel, Dodson Mitchell; Mary Byrd, Helene Lackaye; Paul Thomas, Richard Martin.

THIS new comedy by Mrs. Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst is based on the "Izzy Iskovitch" stories by the late George Randolph Chester. It is a second cousin to *Abie's Irish Rose* as far as its racial characteristics are concerned. But *Izzy* is more pleasing than *Abie*. It does not introduce Roman Catholic priests and rabbis, nor flaunt a religious and racial controversy and an intermarriage.

Izzy is a fairly entertaining and amusing play. But it is so thoroughly Hebraic in origin that it is bound to prove more popular with members of *Izzy's* nationality than with any other audience. The dialogue is filled with Hebrew idioms, the characters have mannerisms and customs characteristic of the Hebrews. *Izzy*, the bright child of the play, who has large ambitions and a strong desire to capture about all the money there is in the motion-picture mart, is too fresh to be lovable. But he is shrewd and at times, a bit amusing, as portrayed by Jimmy Hussey.

Izzy's five uncles are really the stars of the cast.

Robert Leonard as the widower uncle is funnier facially than verbally, and Uncle Solomon, the senior uncle, who deals in junk, knows well the value of dry and serious humor. The comedy is more accentuated when the five uncles are on the stage than when they're not. But unless one is in a position to get a laugh out of, for instance, one of the uncle's indignant demands: "What do you think I am, a schlemiel?" there isn't much point in making *Izzy's* acquaintance.

Chocolate Dandies

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Noble Sissle and Lew Peyton. Music and lyrics by Sissle and Blake. Produced by B. C. Whitney at the

Maillard

Madison Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK

Confections
Luncheon, Afternoon Tea

MEN'S LUNCHEON SERVICE

47th Street Entrance

FOOTWEAR
made on the real
French Last



In the
Footlight
of Fashion

EVENING SLIPPER
Silver brocade, gold kid trimming,
Imported French heel
On request—
"Modes of the Moment"

CARCION MANFRE & CO.
MAISON (M) FRANCAISE
15 WEST 50th ST. 986 SIXTH AVE.
New York

ELYSEE

1 EAST 56TH ST

THE IDEAL RESTAURANT

MAX A. HAERING PRES.
C.E. FRANCATELLI TREAS.
TEL. PLAZA 0191-0192-0865

Majestic Hotel and RESTAURANTS



JUST outside the din and roar of city
traffic, yet within quick reach of
shops and theatres—That's the rare
charm of the "House of Contentment."
Here you enjoy the fascinating brilliance
of smart company in peerless surroundings.
Distinctive service for banquets and social
events under the personal direction of
M. Edouard Panchard
Attractive brochure No. 4-B on request

Opeland Johnson

2 West 72nd St., New York
Entire block fronting
Central Park
Tel. Endicott 1900



Crème Simon

the most widely used crème in France

Paris, the authority on all that pertains to beauty, acclaims Crème Simon as the last word in complexion creams. Crème Simon gives the skin a softer glow, a finer

texture—an almost translucent loveliness that defies description and surely cannot be attained with ordinary creams. As the Parisienne says, "It idealizes the complexion." Will you try it? Three sizes—60c to \$1.65.

Also, Poudre Simon—an adherent face powder that is just as good as the Crème

FREE sample tube if you mail this coupon to Maurice Lévy, 120 West 41st Street, New York.

Name _____

Address _____

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge, and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 2 West

45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1924. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 369, Register's No. 5166. (Term expires March 30, 1925.)

Colonial Theatre September 1, with the following cast:

Mandy Green, Amanda Randolph; Sammy, Gwendolyn Feaster; Black Joe, Jr., Addison Carey; Comedy Chorus Girl, Josephine Baker; Struttin' Drum Major, J. Mardo Brown; Bill Splivens, W. A. Hann; Mr. Hez Brown, William Grundy; Mrs. Hez Brown, Inez Clough; Angeline Brown, Lottie Gee; Jessie Johnson, Elizabeth Welsh; Manda, Valada Snow; Uncle Eph, Fred Jennings; Dobby Hicks, Noble Sissle; Dan Jackson, Ivan H. Browning; Shorty, Ferdie Robinson; Johnnie Wise, Russell Smith; Mose Washington, Lew Payton; Joe Dolks, Johnny Hudgins.

THERE is enough pep in *Chocolate Dandies* to insure success on Broadway. It has everything expected of a musical comedy, plus! The singing, especially the male voices, is just a little better than most musical comedy ensembles send forth; the staging and scenery holds its own throughout and the dancing excels.

The rhythmic feet of these Chocolate Dandies is nothing short of marvelous. They have steps that are all their own and do them in an inimitable way. If humor can be portrayed by anyone's pedal extremities, these particular dandies may be said to have humorous feet.

The story centers about two race horses, Jump Steady and Dumb Luck—and though the plot boasts no great originality and perhaps no striking, lingering melodies as in *Shuffle Along*, still the play on a whole is far superior and is full of original surprises.

The conversation that Lew Payton has with a horse whose head sticks out of the stable-door is novel and entertaining. The illusion created by jockeys riding their horses on a revolving platform is thrilling.

There's the unexcelled piano-playing of Eubie Blake; there's Joe Smith, who jazes away on his cornet, and a comedian, Johnny Hodgins, whose pantomime-singing brought roars of laughter. Josephine Baker has eyes which look in all directions at the same time and comedy antics that are really funny.

Pigs

American comedy in three acts by Anne Morrison and Patterson McNutt. Produced by John Golden at the Little Theatre September 1, with the following cast:

Thomas Atkins, Sr., George Henry Trader; Thomas Atkins, Jr., Wallace Ford; Hector Spencer, Philip Barrison; Grandma Spencer, Maude Granger; Ellen Atkins, May Buckley; Spencer Atkins, Alan Bunce; Mildred Cushing, Nydia Westman; Lenore Hastings, Rosemary Hilton; Smith Hastings, James Kearney; Dr. Springer, Frederic Malcolm.

PIGS, a product of Mr. Heywood Broun's "golden age of the American drama," contains all the necessary ingredients for the home-made pie type of play: Two teaspoonfuls of American middle-class family life, an ounce of sentiment, one cup of humor, a plot with a happy ending, beaten to a light consistency, baked in a little publicity, and a pinch of salt added when taken.

Junior Atkins, ridiculed but irrepressible, finds it impossible to get from his family \$250 with which to buy the much-heralded pigs and carry out a get-rich-quick plan. He is aided in his endeavors by a wise little flapper, Mildred Cushing, who is excellently portrayed by the personable Nydia Westman. She and his mother are the only ones who do not scoff at and do help in the ultimately successful project. For humor, and atmosphere there is a diabolically human grandmother a general nuisance and irritable and gossipy at that; an older brother just out of law school with an unfortunate desire to compose poetry in which Lenore rhymes with saw; a hypochondriac uncle, weak and lazy; and a lovable, hard-working father who drives his son and the audience wild with his eternal "Papa" said he wouldn't and "Papa" said he couldn't.

As yet no glaring lights announce any star to the passing public, but the honors decidedly go to Nydia Westman. Wallace Ford, the Glenn Hunter type, was well chosen, while the supporting cast was good enough.

Top Hole

Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Eugene Conrad and George Dill. Music and lyrics by Jay Gorney and Owen Murphy. Produced by William Caryl at the Fulton Theatre September 1, with the following cast:

Peggy Corcoran, Nina Penn; Dobson, Richard Temple; Marcia Willoughby, Clare Stratton; Mrs. John Corcoran, Leah Winslow; Mrs. Blunt, Nellie Graham-Dent; Irving Naith, Brandon Peters; Judge John Corcoran, Walter Walker; Algernon Van Hooten, Charles Brown; Al Smith, Earl Redding; Robert Corcoran (Bob), Ernest Glendenning; Aloysius Blunt, John Daly-Murphy; Theodore Willoughby, John Park; A Caddy, Billy Kelly; Maureen, Ann Milburn.

I ENJOYED this musical comedy. It can boast of a splendid cast and a "peppy" chorus. It has charming music and good lyrics.

The story is that of a rich father's son, who finds more pleasure in golf than in work. Father cuts his allowance. Thrown on his own resources, he becomes a "pro" at the golf club, where, following the approved formula, he falls in love with an heiress, whom he marries.

The leading rôle is well handled by Ernest Glendenning. His voice is not that of a tenor *robusto*, but it is pleasant and he uses it well. It would not hurt some of our popular leading men to watch his work in this piece. He proves that a capable player can act—even in musical comedy.

A newcomer, Ann Milburn, in the part of the Irish maid, took the house by storm.

The rest of the cast was competent, and I predict for the song, "Then You Are in Love," the popularity of "Poor Butterfly," "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face" and "What Shall I Do?"

One of the plays to put on your list of plays worth seeing.

A Book That No Amateur Group Can Do Without



PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES

BY CLARENCE STRATTON

The fullest, most up-to-date and helpful book on play producing; over seventy pictures of stage settings and scenes from plays successfully produced by amateur groups.

Chapters From the Book

Interest in Dramatic
Production
Organizing an Amateur
Group
Choosing the Play
Some Specimen Programs
Rehearsing the Play
Artistic Amateur Settings

Creating the Stage Picture
Costumes and Make-up
Lighting
Experimenting
Educational Dramatics
Annotated List of Two
Hundred Plays for
Amateurs

What the Reviewers Say

Brander Matthews in New York Times: "A model manual, sane and sensible, helpful and practical . . . A word of praise must be given to the many illustrations . . . selected to adorn this book. . . . Immediately helpful."

New York Literary Review: "The most important book for the small stage and one of the most practical additions to theatrical literature for some time past."

St. Louis Star: "The amateur producer is bound to appreciate these pages particularly."

Hartford Courant: "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this book as a practical and stimulating help."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Producing in Little Theatres" sells at \$2.90. You can get this invaluable book FREE with two yearly subscriptions—either two new, or an extension of your own subscription and one new subscription.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:
I enclose herewith \$8.00, for which please enter the following subscriptions and send me a copy of Clarence Stratton's book, "Producing in Little Theatres," FREE.

My Name.....
My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

The 1923 Bound Set THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 Volumes Bound in Green Silk Cloth
Fully Indexed



Price \$10.00

Postage Extra

The authoritative encyclopedia of the stage through twenty-three years of successful publication. During that period:

1839 Plays have been reviewed
1826 Scenes of plays reproduced
8074 Portraits of players shown
1599 Special articles published

Do you ever wish to recall more vividly a play you have seen years ago? Or revive memories of the artistes who appeared at that time? Are you ever curious to read the criticism of a certain play? Or to refer to the costuming of it? Turn to The Theatre Magazine!

There is practically no college, school, club or public library of any importance where a complete file of The Theatre cannot be found.

The Following Years Are Still To Be Had In Bound Sets:

1904 in 1 vol.....	\$25.00	1913 in 2 vols.....	\$15.00
1906 in 1 vol.....	20.00	1914 in 2 vols.....	15.00
1907 in 1 vol.....	20.00	1915 in 2 vols.....	15.00
1908 in 1 vol.....	20.00	1916 in 2 vols.....	15.00
1909 in 2 vols.....	20.00	1917 in 2 vols.....	14.00
1910 in 2 vols.....	20.00	1918 in 2 vols.....	12.00
1911 in 2 vols.....	15.00	1920 in 2 vols.....	12.00
1912 in 2 vols.....	15.00	1921 in 2 vols.....	12.00
		1922 in 2 vols.....	\$10.00

The years not listed are out of print



Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York

74



The Perfume of Refinement

4711 Eau de Cologne

Champagne among wines Eau de Cologne among fine perfumes is in a class of solitary silence by itself, long famed for bath and room use. Get the real thing, No. 4711, and keep a supply always in the house. In convalescence may make just the difference between pessimism and optimism!

Produced in America by the makers of 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, and 4711 Bath Salts.

MULHENS & KROPPF, INC.
25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City
Made in the U. S. A.

Gray Hair Banished

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet black to Golden Brown. Sent everywhere for \$2.10 postpaid. Nothing better at any price. Money refunded if unsatisfactory.

B. CLEMENT
Box 1, 67 W. 49th St. New York, N. Y.
Consultation and booklet free

For Safety's Sake—demand

ARBONA

UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color

30¢ 60¢ & \$1. Size. Bottles at all Drug Stores



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES

EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Black or Brown, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. 75¢ at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Mailing Lists

Will help you increase sales. Send for FREE catalog giving counts and prices on thousands of classified names of your best prospective customers—National, State and Local—Individuals, Professions, Business Concerns.

99% Guaranteed 5¢ each by refund of 5¢ each

ROSS-Gould Co. 315 N. 10th St. St. Louis

tested and improved. At dress rehearsals on the afternoon of the performance I have seen benches break under heroes, walls fall flat and the shadow of the leading lady appear gigantic upon the blue of heaven behind her. And some of these catastrophes have occurred at performances also.

CAST AND PLAY MUST BE CONSIDERED JOINTLY

NO director of school plays can select his play without considering his cast—unless he be interested only in educational dramatics. Because of the humorous satire and the spectacular ending of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, he may wish to give that comedy, but fearing the labor involved in mastering the jargon of the Mamamouchi scene he may have to wait until the class includes an Armenian or Chilean youth, whose foreign tongue will serve as well as the written "lingua franca." He may yearn to present *A Comedy of Errors*, but be forced to wait until a class includes two pairs of boys who can be made to look and act alike. He may have to wait until circumstances provide the prig of a butler, the mild young husband and the winning young bride of *Fanny and the Servant Problem*.

Most directors keep lists of plays either in their minds or in books, and so when casts are to be considered can fit play and persons together quickly. One director used *Mr. Pim Passes By* because the class provided a boy who could act the old man excellently. Another chose *Seventeen* because a boy exactly fitted the leading rôle. One person cast Shaw's *Pygmalion* because a boy for the irascible Professor Higgins and a girl with remarkable powers of speech mimicry for Liza Doolittle were graduating at the same time. Plays with flexible casts are always in demand. If the class is large, many ladies-in-waiting, guests, villagers, strikers are added; if the class is small, a compact cast is sought or rôles are doubled.

To choose casts, the method of

"try-outs" seems fairest to all concerned, but it consumes a great deal of time, and frequently does not provide the best actor for every rôle. Time is saved and rehearsals are begun promptly if the director chooses his cast, making it clear, however, that shifts are likely to be made later. Actors must be chosen, not so much for what they have done as what they have indicated they are capable of being trained to do. A beneficent tyrant is almost essential in affairs dramatic. If a girl acts a part badly, the voiced criticism is always, "Why was she selected for that rôle?"

Last but not least, the audience must be considered. Is it theatre-trained to the extent of caring for novelties? Has it regional peculiarities which preclude certain kinds of drama? If it is an audience which has patronized former plays and will continue to patronize future plays, an element of variety should be introduced during the series. Modern realistic drama, Elizabethan comedy, French costume satire and classic tragedy may make an interesting succession. Because the audience is drawn largely from industrial workers, would it be wise or unwise to present a strike theme, as in Galsworthy's *Strife*? Would such a group like better the beauty and spectacularness of *The Chinese Lantern*? Would the farcical element of *Seven Keys to Baldpate* arouse them, but the satirical exaggeration of *The Importance of Being Earnest* leave them emotionally cold?

The principles underlying the choice of plays depend upon the elements here listed and briefly discussed—stage, equipment, scenery, cast and audience. To every play considered for school production must be applied tests of suitability based on all of these. More detailed information concerning all of these points are included in lists of plays recommended for amateurs. The most recent list compiled especially for educational institutions is "Plays for Schools and Colleges," published by the National Council of Teachers of English, Chicago.

NOTE.—Mr. Stratton's article in the December issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE will be a discussion of plays that may be offered where high-school stages are carefully planned and equipped; with a list of out-of-the-ordinary plays that have met with favor in high schools.



"That Musical Pal of Mine"

Come On Boys—Let's Hear You Play!

There's nothing like good music for happiness; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Millions of happy boys and girls are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, popularity and education.

Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50c up—and ask for the free book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 199, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

ORCHIDEW

CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

It Soothes as it cleans!

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—invigorates the skin. A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motor-ing, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful. It refreshes on sticky, sultry days—and takes the sting out of sunburn.

For traveling—a bit of anti-septic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, is \$1.50 the bottle. At present it can be purchased only by mail. Write direct to—Orchidew Corporation, 2 West 45th Street, New York.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION,
2 West 45th Street, New York.

Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.

(*) A—I enclose \$1.50.

(*) B—Please send me a bottle C.O.D.

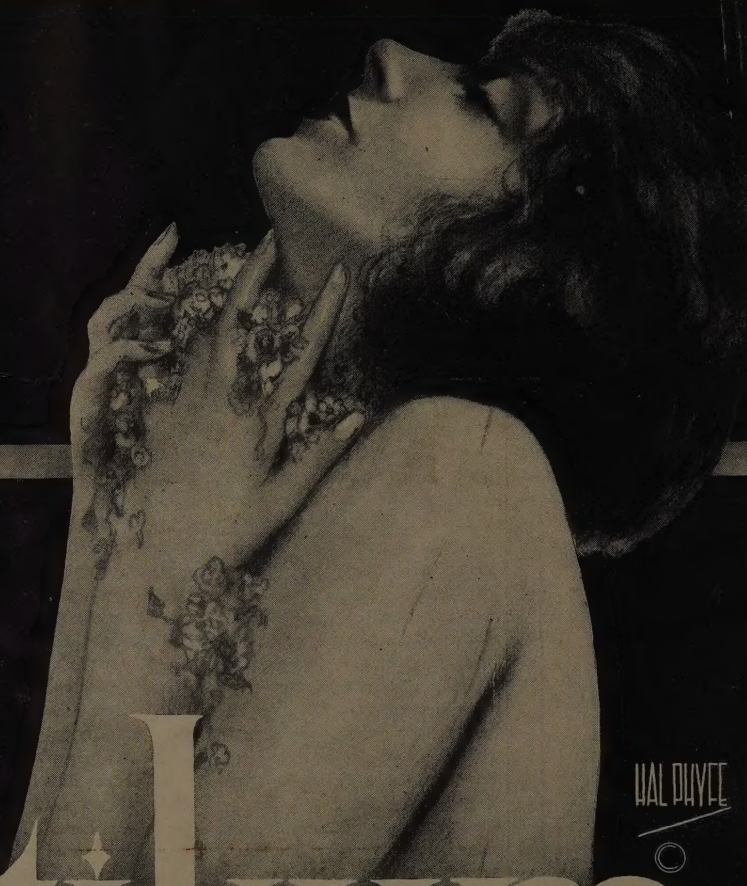
Name.....

Address.....

(*) If you wish to avoid delay, send remittance with your order, and cross out line B; otherwise, cross out line A and just sign your name to the coupon and mail to us.



The Mystery of Flowers



WAL DUVEE

Mystikum

PARFUM

To heighten the elusive charm of woman, twenty-eight different flowers give their subtle fragrance to the creation of Mystikum - Europe's Premier Parfum

AT THE BETTER STORES

If your dealer cannot supply you, your check for \$1.50
will bring Mystikum Miniature

SCHERK IMPORTING CO., 47 W. 47th ST., NEW YORK CITY

Exclusive North American Agents

MYSTIKUM
PERFUME
TOILET WATER
FACE POWDER
POWDER COMPACTS
TALCUM
SACHET
ROUGES

SCHERK BERLIN



MYSTIKUM
LIPSTICKS
BATH SALTS
BRILLIANTINE
VANISHING CREME
FACE LOTION
LIQUID POWDER
HAIR TONIC